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THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE

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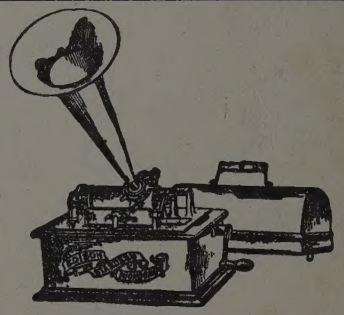

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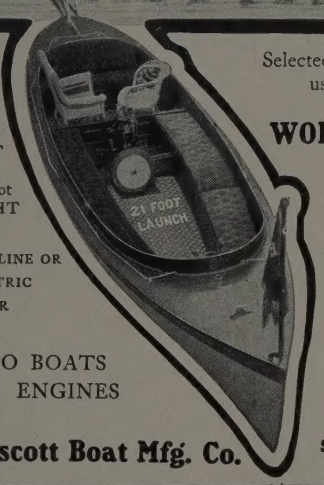

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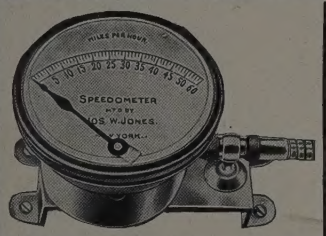

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
26 West 33d Street, New York

THE THEATRE

VOL. IV., NO. 41 NEW YORK, JULY, 1904 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Photo Byron, N. Y.

LOVEY MARY
Mabel Taliaferro

MRS. WIGGS
Madge Carr Cook

LITTLE TOMMY
Master Wm. Burton Jaynes

Scene in the Stage Version of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which will be one of the first plays to open the new dramatic season in New York. The piece will be seen in Chicago on July 10

A corner of Klaw and Erlanger's new Aerial Gardens on top of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York

PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE roof garden, as a refuge from the higher temperature of the streets and of ordinary homes, and as a means of diversion has become a distinctive feature of summer life in New York. Perhaps in no other city in the world does a certain altitude afford more unfailing cooling breezes. The conditions being so favorable, there has been constant improvement in the entertainment provided until now a programme is presented which, in variety and merit, is equal in every respect to the fare offered in the older summer gardens of Berlin and Paris. The standard, it is true, is not very high, but it is just suited to the weather. Summer audiences care little for serious entertainment; the slightest mental effort makes them perspire, and a respite from the dramatic form will be granted by every manager alive to his own interests.

No one understands this better than Oscar Hammerstein, whose picturesque Paradise Gardens, on top of the Victoria and Belasco Theatres roofs, are still to-day the most comfortable and interesting resort of the kind in New York. Mr. Hammerstein has a keen scent for good vaudeville "acts," and this summer he presents a truly remarkable bill. Chief among his stars is the athlete Spadoni, a good-looking German Hebrew with an Italian name, who gives a marvellous exhibition of muscle development. Spadoni is a man young in years, but built like a Hercules, and in his hands 40-pound cannon balls, 200-pound cannon and 1,000-pound automobiles are tossed about as lightly as feathers. Exhibitions of brute strength are always fascinating, but Spadoni is graceful as well. He is a very Apollo in form and there is a refinement and ease about his performance that enhances its charm two-fold. One day, of course, a cannon ball will land on his skull instead of on the muscles of his great neck, but, then—that is the penalty all sensational athletes one day pay.

Another remarkable exhibit is M. Pewitt's remarkable mechanical head which comes from Italy. The head is gigantic in size and dressed *en pierrot*—close-fitting, black skull cap, chalked face and white ruffles. It is mounted on a pedestal, which doubtless conceals an operator. The head is introduced by its owner—an artist himself—who, dressed likewise, *en pierrot,* describes the emotions shown on the face, for example, anger, deceit, sorrow, fear, inspiration. The head rolls its eyes, puckers up its lips and otherwise acts like a rational being. It is very clever and novel. It is also artistic, being, in fact, only a popular adaptation of the classic Italian mask on which the Drama is founded. Some of the attitudes struck by the interpreter are admirable.

Chas. T. Aldrich's lightning changes are also extraordinary feats, and Rice and Prevost, two inimitable clowns, are the best cure for the blues we ever saw. Then there is Mr. Hammerstein's own skit on "Parsifal" and a score of other excellent features. In short, a capital programme which no one should miss.

Copyright, Falk, N. Y.

BERTHA GALLAND AS JULIET
Will be seen in New York as Shakespeare's heroine next season

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Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have tried the experiment of building a regulation auditorium on the roof of their New Amsterdam Theatre, styling it "Aerial Gardens." It consists of an orchestra floor with an upper tier of boxes suspended by iron braces, and resembles in every way an ordinary theatre, stage and all. Opening from this auditorium is a small garden with little tables for refreshments. The programme in the theatre con-

sists of one of J. J. McNally's hot-weather efforts called "A Little of Everything," and when it is said that the piece is fully up to the usual McNally standard, it is hoped we shall be understood. Fay Templeton and Peter F. Dailey work hard to amuse the spectators, but the effort is very visible. On the New York roof Ned Wayburn and his female cork minstrels are to be seen. Other interesting features are Datas, the man with a wonderful memory for dates, and Guerrero, the Spanish dancer.

Musical pieces intended for summer use claim an immunity from criticism, which is commonly granted, although it is not entirely clear why the laws of the universe should be set aside in their favor. "The Southerners," at the New York Theatre, cannot be described; it is nothing. The authors of the book are Will Mercer and Richard Grant, and the composer is Will Marion Cook. The music, of its kind, exists, the book does not. It would be utterly futile to attempt to give any account of the story. The prologue is laid in 1880, and the play in 1830. There is absolutely no meaning in this juggling with dates, and every particle of the play as a play is impossible, but there are combinations of various forms of youth, grace, music and quaintness that give it a certain interest. It is called a musical study in black and white, a large contingent of the dancers being made up of negroes of various tints. The effect of this miscegenation is not wholly agreeable, and many people might prefer to see such an entertainment on a roof garden rather than within closed doors. It may also be that the authors of the "book," and the composer of the music, may have underestimated an amiable prejudice on the part of Southern people in regard to the types which represent them. Colonel Maximillian Easy, "A Southern Cavalier, Sah," represents in his rubicund face only the worst blendings of the worst whiskey, and it might be well to modify him if it should be intended to send the play upon its travels. It is a season of easy compliments, but it is well for the prudent manager to listen to the slightest whisper of dispraise, even in the summer time, and in times of peace to prepare for war. There are undoubtedly moments of entertainment in "The Southerners," and, indeed, its parts are greater than the whole. Miss Vinie Daly, a subordinate character in the scheme of the piece itself, was easily the most distinguished dancer of them all. She represented the octoroon descendant of a negro. Miss Elfie Fay, as the aristocratic Southern girl, has the quality of humor so rarely found in actresses, and was pleasing in every way. Albert Hart sang a drinking song which was conspicuously good. The comedian is Junie McCree.

July 4 used to be the date on which Charles Frohman, returning to these shores, would fill a whole column in each of the New York dailies with a list of the plays he had secured for production the following season. He is a good gleaner indeed if, on his return this year, he is able to enumerate a dozen which, from actual performance, give promise of any lasting success. Both the London and Paris stages were signally barren last year of available American material. To fill up his space he will have to turn back to the files of the old Empire Theatre pro-

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Young Western actress who will be seen in an important Broadway production next season

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NELL HAWTHORNE

One of the well-known Hawthorne sisters

Schloss, N. Y.

HELANE LUCAN

Recently a stately show girl and now a clever writer on dramatic subjects

grammes; and enumerate a score or so of those plays which were once announced, but which are yet to be heard from. If the foreign and native authors do not prove more prolific, and if the list of new theatres is to go on augmenting, any old playwright will have his chance and daring experiments with the works of untried authors will be the order of the day. Such a condition will perhaps be hard upon the public and critics, but it will have one blessing and one virtue: it will make the players work and give actual evidence that they are capable of playing something more than one part, and that —themselves. It is the golden opportunity of the American dramatist. Let him work the rich dramatic mine close at hand.

Charles Frohman's praiseworthy attempt to establish in New York a French-speaking company, modelled on the same lines as the German Theatre in Irving Place, failed for several reasons. Firstly, Charlotte Wiehe, delightful actress as she proved herself to be, is a Swede and spoke French with a marked accent; secondly, the supporting company was very small and obviously of the second class; thirdly, the plays presented were not interesting. Indeed, the whole outfit at the stuffy, uncomfortable little Vaudeville Theatre had a cheap flavor—actors, scenery and plays. If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. This is usually Mr. Frohman's policy, but he appears to have departed from it in this instance. Anyway, it is doubtful whether a permanent French theatre in New York would ever pay. The French colony is small and cannot be depended upon for its support, and those wealthy Americans who are familiar with French prefer to see the real thing when they go to Paris each summer. Classic matinees appealing to the colleges and schools might prove popular, but who in America is willing to run the risk of importing a company of French players competent to interpret Corneille, Raccine and Molière? It is different at the Irving Place Theatre, which is liberally supported by the German colony, directed by a German actor-manager of marked ability, and so closely in touch with the German authors that new German plays are frequently produced simultaneously in Berlin and New York. That Conried's theatre artistically is superior to our theatres cannot be disputed. But it has taken many years to bring the German theatre to its present state of proficiency, and it would take as long if not longer to secure similar results with a French theatre. It is not an experiment, the success or failure of which can be determined in a single season. Here is a hint for Mr. Conried. Why not inaugurate a series of classic matinees presenting the best plays of the great German dramatists for the benefit of the students of German in our colleges? It ought to pay.

Richard, Montreal

PAUL CAZENEUVE

Whose Marat has been the success of the season in Montreal

The policy which Otis Skinner has adopted in regard to "The Harvester" would seem to be worthy of general acceptance. Having selected the play which he intends for particular use next season, he does not wait until August and September for a première. He selects a polite and appreciative dog town and there tries it on before taking to the woods for his regular vacation. If it succeeds he has no further worry and nothing to mar the serenity and peace-

fulness of his rest. Any play produced at the tail end of a season, when the average theatregoer is prepared gladly to exchange the tinsel and glare of the playhouse for the glories of nature, and the disgusted critic is bored to death—any play presented under these circumstances which makes good is a winner and requires no further concern.

If the courts finally decide that Sunday ball playing is neither a nuisance nor an element conducing to the moral degradation of the community, why may not a liberal interpretation of the Sunday laws be stretched in the direction of good art? Might it not be argued that some of the Shakespearian pastorals played in the open would serve a splendid purpose in stimulating public taste? Ben Greet and company in "As You Like It" on a Sunday afternoon at the Harlem River Park sounds both attractive and instructive. It's certainly harmless, and would undoubtedly be very popular.

It is doubtful if the plan of taxing free theatre tickets ten cents for the benefit of the Actor's Fund will result in any substantial contribution to the coffers of that most deserving charity. It is estimated that if 3,000 managers adopt the system, and if ten complimentaries are issued for each performance, the income will be $300,000 a season. But as our friend, Stephen Fiske, points out in *The Sports of the Times*, there are several objections to the plan: (1) It is an acknowledgment that free tickets exist, and no high-class manager will admit this fact. (2) It reveals the state of a manager's business to his competitors. (3) It bothers the theatre treasurers with another petty cash account. (4) Being entirely voluntary, it may be discontinued at any time. (5) It annoys the recipients of complimentaries. Some months ago the THEATRE MAGAZINE advocated a better plan, which we are glad to see is fully endorsed by Mr. Fiske—that every actor should be compelled to belong to the Fund as a condition of his engagement, and that the year's dues—only $2—be deducted from his third week's salary. It is actually a standing reproach to the dramatic profession that of the 26,000 actors in the United States only 700 are members of the Actor's Fund, which is ever ready and willing—nay, must by its charter—to succor or bury any destitute actor, whether he is a member of the Fund or not. It would be a very simple matter for the managers to insist on this clause in their contracts, and no actor could decently object to it, knowing its object. It is certainly worth trying.

The old adage, "None so blind as he who will not see," applies particularly well to those scribes and pharisees who publicly express their views anent the National Art Theatre Society and its object. Recently, an editorial writer in the *Sun*, after expressing surprise that the public demands and supports only the highest forms of music, while the advocates of the higher drama are compelled to go round with the hat, said: "How is it that the lugubrious advocates of a subsidized Ibsen and Maeterlinck house cannot find such a public? Can it be that all these ardent, cultured music lovers never go to the theatre? Or are the plain dramas of commerce, the creations of Pinero, Thomas, Long, and that lot, really very much better than the peripatetic pessimists would have us believe? The people who go to hear Beethoven and Wagner go because the music gives them pleasure. Why does not the artistic drama give pleasure, too? Why must it be supported by societies and subscription funds?" This is entirely misleading! The National Art Theatre Society has never intended to subsidize Ibsen and Maeterlinck. On the contrary, it expressly states in its literature that it has no sympathy with the long-haired drama as such, nor will it serve as a hospital for rejected manuscripts. Nor has the N. A. T. Society barred the plays of Pinero and Thomas and "that lot," as the *Sun* elegantly puts it. These stupid statements—which mislead public opinion as to the true object of the N. A. T. Society—occur so frequently in print as to lead one to doubt their good faith. Even in Salt Lake City we find a writer who says: "The arguments are all very eloquent, but for all that there will never be a State-aided theatre in America." The Manual very expressly says that a State-aided theatre is impossible and not desired. Again, Dr. Appleton Morgan declares that the National Art Theatre is committed to produce only failures. If Shakespeare is a failure, and failures the other glories of the English drama, then Dr. Morgan is right. Why these snap judgments, this petty criticism? The plan is simply to have a repertoire theatre where the public may see the great classic and standard plays. Surely this deserves support!

Olive North and Hans Roberts in the Pixley-Luders operetta "Woodland," which has been running successfully for some time at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. The piece is novel in that all its personages are birds.

From L'Art du Théâtre

Scene in Sarah Bernhardt's new play "Varennes," historical drama founded on the attempted flight of Louis VI. and his family to the Austrian frontier when affairs in Paris seemed to be reaching a crisis. Mme. Bernhardt's rôle is, of course, that of Queen Marie Antoinette.

Perez Galdos and His Drama "Electra"

PEREZ GALDOS
Author of "Electra"

THE most important theatrical event in Paris recently has been the production of "Electra," the drama by Perez Galdos, sometimes styled the Spanish Ibsen. This play was first produced at the Teatro Espanol, Madrid, in January, 1901, and, owing to its anti-Jesuit teachings was the object of violent popular demonstrations. Julia Marlowe two seasons ago announced an American version of the piece, but for some reason, nothing came of it. The French adaptation has been done by Paul Milliet, and the performance of the play in the French capital resulted in the same public excitement as in Spain, de Max, the actor who represented the Catholic hero of the play, not even being allowed to finish his speech, the audience crying, "Down with the Jesuits!" A similar reception was given to the third and fourth performances of the play.

Benito Perez Galdos, the author of "Electra," has been called the Spanish Ibsen, because, like the "Red Star of the North," he is a thesis-writer, a socialist, a revolutionist and reformer. Conservative critics have inclined to view him as a dangerous literary demagogue. But as Galdos has written fully fifty novels to his dozen or so of plays, he might also be justly styled his country's Balzac or Tolstoi.

Born in the Canary Islands in 1845, Galdos in his nineteenth year went to Madrid, where he studied law and embarked in journalism. His first novel, "La Fontana de Oro," appeared in 1870. During the next thirty-two years he continued to pour forth fiction, plays and polemics with a persistence and a versatility equally remarkable. His "Episodios Nacionales" alone fill twenty volumes, and as many more exist detached from that series.

As a liberal reformer, Galdos has always written with one hand, while carefully feeling the popular pulse with the other. A fortuitous combination of circumstances made his drama, "Electra," at once the object of popular excitement, and assured its more than national celebrity. One of these circumstances was the coincidence of the noted Ubas case, in which a family contended in court with the clerical powers for the removal of a young girl from the influence of her confessor. Another, and a more significant coincidence, was the unpopular marriage of Prince Charles of Bourbon to the Princess of Asturias. Galdos' play voiced the discontent of the liberal masses of the people, and fanned into flame the smouldering elements of anti-Bourbon feeling.

The plot of "Electra" is simple, cumulative and emotional, unrelieved by a single flash of comedy. The religio-sociological problem is presented in the contrast of two worlds at war with each other—the bigoted, conventional house of old monarchical Spain, and the electrical laboratory typifying the modern republican spirit. Between these two antagonistic forces stands Electra, a young half-orphan girl, upon whose dead mother's name a shadow rests. She is reared under the jealous care of her father, Pantoja, a fanatical old misanthrope, and an ultra-pious aunt. The father's purpose is that his child shall expiate, in a convent, the sins of those who brought her into the world; so that, in the future beyond the grave, father, mother and daughter shall be reunited in celestial happiness. But Electra, eager with the girlish joy of living, curious for the life of the busy human world, has taken opportunity to go out from her gloomy home and visit the workshop of Maximo, an electrical engineer. Here is a true affinity of souls—Electra and Maximo fall in love. He is a man of enlightenment, energetic, ambitious, noble—in fact, the modern type of chivalry, whose arm of conquest is science instead of the sword. Electra would fain enjoy life and the legitimate happiness it offers; but the overshadowing history of her mother, and the relentless purpose of her father to offer the child on the altar of sacrifice, compel her to bury herself in the cloister. Here the fierce struggle of her nature ensues; upon the agony of which enter the *Sombra*, or ghost of Electra's mother, who brings consolation and good counsel. Finally, in a scene of exalted beauty and intense spiritual emotion, Electra bursts the bonds imposed upon her, escapes from the convent, and falls into the waiting arms of her lover.

HENRY TYRRELL.

Photos taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Byron

The electric carriage call at the Belasco Theatre, New York

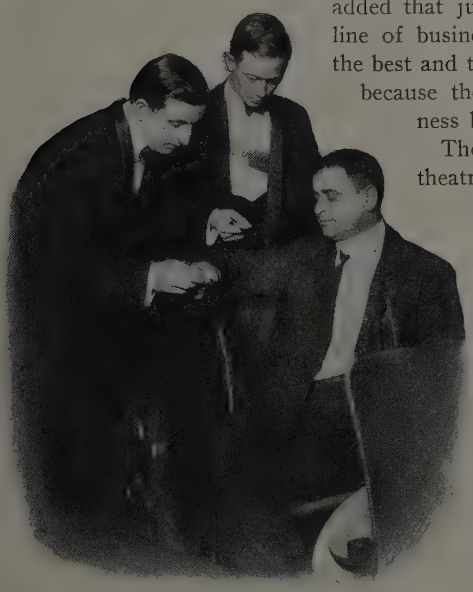
How Theatres Are Managed

No. 4—The Attachés

NOT long ago a New York theatre manager received a letter from a policeman in which the officer of the law expressed a desire to "get back in the show business." He stated that he had been an usher as a young man, then a doorkeeper, and finally he became a policeman.

This is proof of the peculiar attachment to the theatre that never altogether separates itself from a person who has once worked in or about a playhouse. Of course, there are exceptions, but as a rule the man who has once been employed around a theatre is not entirely satisfied with any other occupation. In the long run a new position may pay him more money, yet deep down in his heart he has that yearning to be standing around where the lights are on, where the overture is being played, and the people are coming in.

But the reader must not misconstrue this to mean once an usher always an usher. Some of the most successful managers in the country, when reminiscent, will tell you that in the space covered by often two scores of years in the theatrical business they have occupied every position in a theatre, and they are proud of it. And to this may be added that just as in any other line of business, these men are the best and the most successful, because they know the business backwards.



Byron

Theatre usher seating a playgoer

The head usher of a theatre, if he is a good one, is a valuable man. In nearly every New York theatre he is a man, and not a boy, as a good many would suppose. It is his duty to keep the house supplied with a first-class corps of ushers, to have them neatly dressed, polite and skillful in their line of work. If he is diplomatic, he can save the manager of the house from many an unpleasant moment. It is he that is first to receive the complaint from a patron, and if he is resourceful he can dispose of it in a manner that will please the man who paid to get in and at the same time be satisfactory to the manager. He always stands at the head of the main aisle and directs people where to go. He is dignified with an assistant, and in the short space of time the doorkeeper has for changing his uniform to his private clothes it is the head usher who acts as doorkeeper. If the head usher is ambitious to stay and go upward in the theatrical business, it is the position of assistant treasurer that he works to secure, and in a great many houses this is the first stepping-stone.

The head usher generally has some other occupation, and as a matter of fact most of his ushers do. Clerks and young men whose employment during the day will admit of their reaching the theatre before the door opens often make their extra money in this way. If any one thinks they do it just to see the performance, let the one who imagines so sit through the same show every night for a season. In the case of some shows it would be an ordeal for even two weeks.

In a great many theatres preference is given to students. They make excellent ushers. First, they are gentlemanly, they are anxious to make this money to pay their board, and as they want to keep on earning it they are obedient and polite. It is this class of usher that abhors the uniform, especially if it has any of the finery that would suggest the flunkey or the American bell boy. He prefers the evening dress, and any usher in town will tell the newcomer places down town where a dress suit for this purpose can be bought almost as cheap as a linen duster.

The head usher has a branch department in the water boys—the diminutive colored youths who pass the water around between the acts. He is responsible for their behavior and their looks, and he sometimes bosses them like the foreman of a subway blasting crew. Where all the small colored boys that are used in this branch of the business are found is one of the mysteries of the profession. It is a secret with the head usher.

The doorkeeper of a well-conducted playhouse is a man of

silence. He may not be inclined that way naturally, but if the house is managed properly, he soon learns to be reticent. The really good doorkeeper simply stands still and takes tickets, and he first becomes useless to his employer when he talks politics with patrons. Like the ushers, the doorkeeper frequently engages in some other occupation. Sometimes he is a storekeeper. In Washington every doorkeeper at a theatre works for the Government in the day time. The man who runs the elevator up to the dizzy heights of the Washington monument spends his evenings in a dress suit tearing coupons off tickets, the other ends of which are held by statesmen and diplomats and sometimes by the President himself.

The doorkeeper ought to have a good memory for faces, and he generally has. He knows all the newspaper men and especially those whose duty gives them free entrée to the house. He knows everybody in the management, for if he did not he might be embarrassed some time by turning down the man whose money is at the back of his salary envelope.

The ex-policeman frequently makes a good doorkeeper. He tends the door at the theatre in the winter and in the summer he follows the same occupation at the race track or the baseball grounds. He has had experience in handling crowds, and if he does it skillfully he is valuable to the manager. It takes tact to handle a crowd without a fuss.

Of late years the inventor has solved what was becoming a serious problem for the manager—the handling of long lines of carriages without confusion. Every one remembers the Bable of Broadway, when with megaphone and fog-horn voice the dusky man stood before the door and shouted the number for some drowsy coachman three blocks away to hear. With theatres grouped together so closely, it became a chorus that floated out on the night when first sleep was being sought by thousands and it caused trouble. Then came the man with the electric call sign, and the voice was heard no more.

This ingenious device has proved to be a great convenience. By placing a perforated check under a switch the carriage number is illuminated in figures that can be seen half a dozen blocks away, and it is so arranged that a number of signs can be connected to the one switch, so that the numbers will be displayed down several streets. In the handling of long lines of carriages this works splendidly and adds to the novelty of Broadway at a time of night when the tired sightseer is looking for something new to see. An assistant electrician operates the switch, but his position has not removed the colored man whose voice used to be one of the disturbances of the night. He is still on the pavement to open the door and close it, and there is method in his attentiveness. In the day time he puts away his livery and his finery, and he makes the theatre beautiful by polishing up the handle of the big front door and all the other brass work.

And there are still attachés not to be forgotten—attachés the public does not know, but whose presence is felt. These are the cleaners, who with dusters and brooms add so much to comfort by keeping the place clean. A very important lady is the head cleaner of a Broadway theatre. She bosses her helpers with the commands of a dictator, and her own parlor is not more carefully cleaned when she has finished her labors. And to her falls that last rite of the season when the theatre is to close, when she bundles the interior in great rolls of tar paper, fills it with a mighty odor of camphor and leaves it packed up for the fall while the star is automobiling in Europe, the manager hunting for a play and the colored man who opens the carriages is opening clams in some summer hotel.

The theatre usher is also called upon sometimes to perform the duties of fireman. He did not distinguish himself particularly in this capacity at the Iroquois disaster in Chicago, but on the occasion of a recent fire in Proctor's 125th Street Theatre it was largely due to the promptness with which he acted that another calamity was averted. The flames were raging in the roof of the theatre and rapidly gaining headway. The manager blew his whistle—a signal calling every usher to his post. The exits were opened wide, and the audience, seeing everything done in so orderly a manner, passed calmly out into the street, the house being emptied in about three minutes. In most of the theatres now ushers are trained to know what to do in case of emergency. WELLS HAWKS.

Byron, N. Y.

FIRE DRILL BY THE USHERS OF PROCTOR'S 125TH STREET THEATRE

From L'Art Du Théâtre

KAWAKAMI SADA YACCO

Climax in the Japanese drama, "The Geisha and the Cavalier." Katsouraghi, the Geisha, after an extremely violent scene of jealousy, dies in the Cavalier's arms

Theatres and Theatre-Going in Japan

Thespian mask worn by the famous actor, Danjuro

MODERN Japan, despite its ready adoption of Western manners, is in things theatrical still faithful to the ancient feudal days, and the sanguinary, interminable dramas written many centuries ago are still the chief attractions in the Mikado's theatres. It is true that within the last few years—in fact, since the triumphant European and American tours of those distinguished Japanese players, Sada Yacco and Oto Kawakami—the old school drama has to some extent lost ground, and quite recently performances of Shakespeare's "Othello" and "Hamlet," and Daudet's "Sappho" have been received with favor by Tokio audiences.

The explanation of this curious survival of the old form of play, at a time when all Japan is eagerly imitating the foreigner, is undoubtedly to be found in the peculiar customs of the country. The progressive Japanese finds it easier to change his mode of dress than to reform habits bred in the bone. The old plays, lasting, as they formerly did, from early morning until nearly midnight, just suited the Japanese play-goer, who, when he does go to the theatre, makes an all-day affair of it. Indeed, theatre-going in Japan is a very serious matter, like an ocean voyage or long railroad journey with the American, and not to be entered upon lightly or without due preparation. Some ten or twelve years ago the Japanese police limited the duration of a dramatic performance to eight hours, and more recently Sada Yacco and Oto Kawakami, who learned a good deal in their foreign travels, introduced the comparatively short evening performance of three or four hours, an innovation which was at once welcomed by the better class of people. But the new arrangement found little favor with the general public, whose honorable traditions it rudely upset, and particular indignation was aroused in the bosom of the Japanese Matinee Girl—fully as important a person in Japan as in America—who loves to sit in the theatre as long as possible and weep over the play. For, to the gentle mousmé, the theatre is essentially the place for weeping. Japanese girls are extremely sentimental, and a play without harrowing situations would not appeal to them in the least. The musical comedy—as presented in America and England—is quite unknown in Japan, for which we Japanese should perhaps be devoutly thankful. Recently, attempts have been made to introduce grand opera in the Flowery Kingdom, but only with indifferent success.

From a native print

Scene in a Japanese theatre during the performance of a play, showing the spectators stowed away in their little compartments

Three kinds of plays are popular in Japan—the religious dramas, mingled with farce, the domestic dramas of everyday life and love, and the historic dramas, bristling with blood and suicides, which are liked best of all. The religious drama dates from the ninth century, when the country was visited by a terrible earthquake. Flames issued from the ground, and the priests, to propitiate the gods, executed

a dance near the spot. The flames at once stopped, and in recognition of the miracle every performance of a religious play to this day is preceded by the Sambash or rhythmic dance executed by an old priest and accompanied by a plaintive chorus.

The programme for one day usually consists of three different pieces. The first is invariably an historical play, dealing with some noble family—its quarrels and misfortunes; and the third is a love story. The piece between these two is called a "Middle Curtain," being a classic with a wonderful display of dress and dancing. At the end of each act the curtain is drawn to slowly in order to let the spectators remain as long as possible under the spell of the situation, which is continued, but at the end of the intermission it falls abruptly in order to dazzle the public suddenly with the splendor of the picture. These drop curtains are covered with enormous characters and in striking colors: black on orange, white on blue, violet on red. The same curtain is not used during the whole performance. It is the custom to make the present of a curtain to a favorite actor. Thus, when speaking of a popular performer, you say, "He has so many curtains!"

Jossho Sawamur, famous woman impersonator

Sada Yacco, Japan's most distinguished actress

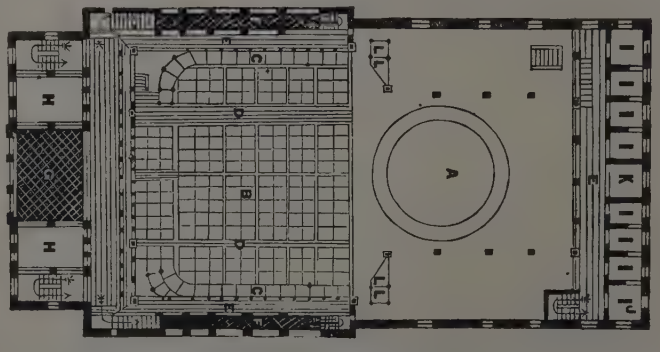
There are several fine theatres in Tokio, the most important being the Kabukiza, the Meijiza, and the Tokyoza. They are imposing edifices constructed of stone in semi-European style, but the interior is arranged in the old Japanese manner which has been in vogue since the birth of the native drama. You do not purchase your ticket at the box-office, as in other countries, but at the neighboring tea-house, where arrangements are also made to keep your party supplied with refreshments during the long hours the play lasts. Over the main entrance of the theatre is a large framed poster depicting scenes in the play then being performed. Entering the theatre you see a large square floor partitioned off into tiny compartments or boxes, giving the effect of a gigantic checker board. The boxes are three feet square by about three feet high, and they each accommodate four or five persons. On either side of the parterre, and almost level with the top of the boxes, is a plank which runs from the entrance down to the stage. This is called The Flower Path, its sides in olden times having been decorated with flowers. The Japanese stage is always supposed to face the south, but the origin of this tradition has been lost in time. There are two or three rows of boxes outside the flower path, raised slightly higher than the parterre, and the auditorium is closed on both sides by other boxes. On the second floor, facing the stage, are similar boxes, rising one behind the other and closed in at the back by a long, barred window. On the far side of this window is a narrow passageway or "chicken coop," to which are admitted those theatre-goers who on payment of two cents can see a single act. These form a special public, and a most important one to the Japanese manager. They are theatre enthusiasts who cannot let a day go by without seeing at least some part of the play. They are known as the success makers. They are equally well known as the noise makers! The din they make whenever one of their favorite actors makes his entrance is appalling. They shout Naritaya! (the stage

The Kabukiza Theatre, Tokio

The late Danjuro Ichikawa, the last of a Japanese family of actors four hundred years old

The Tokyoza Theatre, Tokio

Baiko, popular matinee hero



GROUND-PLAN OF THE KABUKIZA THEATRE—One of the most commodious theatres built in the semi-European style in Tokio, and opened in November, 1889.

A.—Double Revolving Stage (in two concentric circles). B.—Pit. C.—Side-boxes. D.—Entrance-passages. E.—Passages. F.—Promenades. G.—Entrance-court. H.—Manager's Offices. J.—Green-room. K.—Stage-door. L.—Orchestra.

Sandanji Ichikawa, greatest living Japanese actor

"The Southerners" at the New York Theatre

Byron

THE PICTURESQUE KIDDIES

Byron

THE BALLET OF THE SQUIRRELS

Byron

THE PICKANINNIES

Photos by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS MONA DESMOND
Whose baby impersonations have been a popular feature at Proctor's

HARRISON FORD
Who doubled the role of the Indian and the Sergeant Reeder in "Ranson's Folly"

MISS DOROTHY TENNANT
Lately seen as the Queen of Scots in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"

name of the late celebrated Danjuro). The success or failure of a performance depends on the amount of noise they succeed in making, for in Japan very little attention is paid to what the dramatic critics have to say. Happy land!

When a Japanese makes up his mind to go to the theatre, he proceeds first by interesting his neighbors. If he is a married man he consults his wife and daughters. If he is a bachelor, he gets together a party of friends. The Japanese women are passionately devoted to the drama. It is usual for a party to book a box through a tea house connected with the theatre and at the same time make arrangements for what refreshments they wish served. The Japanese maiden makes the most elaborate preparations days beforehand, and when the eve of the eventful day arrives, she has been known to sit up all night so as not to oversleep herself the next morning. To be at the theatre on time, playgoers must rise with the sun, and all their meals, including breakfast, are eaten in the tiny box in the playhouse. It is not an easy task to reach one's seats and once the family has settled down, nothing but a catastrophe would induce it to leave its box. They eat in it, smoke in it, nurse babies in it, and put themselves thoroughly at their ease. In each box there is a small stove, at which they light the short Japanese pipe, and at their side is the plate of rice and fish with the traditional chop sticks, and a bottle of *saka* (rice brandy) and cups of tea, which are filled as often as emptied. The women chew candy and the men partake freely of *saka* as the play goes on. A man who has been obliged to escort his women relatives is often to be seen fast asleep, for politeness to women is not seriously discussed in Japan. During the intermissions, attendants with cakes, confectionery and tea pass up and down the elevated aisles offering their wares.

The Japanese thespian is a vastly more important personage than his professional brother in other countries. Directly he makes his appearance on the plank leading to the stage there is a flutter of excitement among the audience, and fans, purses and tobacco pouches, which have been specially embroidered for him, are thrown to him. When he reaches his dressing room he finds notes containing burning declarations, and his effigy adorns the tortoise-shell hair-pin that keeps up the raven tresses of many a dainty *mousmé*. But the player has a more substantial reward than mere social success. He is also well paid. The Japanese theatrical season only lasts four or five weeks, but a good actor in that time can easily make his $5,000, while the wretched playwright, a poor, despised creature who in Japan is looked upon in the light of a theatre attaché, has to be satisfied with a miserly $100. When a manager wants a new attraction, he sends for the official playwright and suggests a subject. The author prepares two or three scenarios, of which the manager selects the best, and then the actors also have the right to alter the play to suit themselves.

Japanese audiences are very loyal to their favorites. What enthusiasm there used to be when the great Danjuro made his appearance! This magnificent actor, the greatest tragedian ever known in Japan, died a few months ago. He left no son, and it is a question who will inherit his name, which has been prominently connected with the Japanese stage for nearly four hundred years! And how delighted we were to watch the late Kikugoro, that wonderful actor whose talented son Baiko is now a matinee idol.

In 1890 the realistic acting of Oto Kawakami and Sada Yacco appeared as a protest against the old school. They were encouraged by the intelligent public, and they put on the stage an adaptation of "Sechu Bai," a political novel. This was the first time that a novel had been dramatized in Japan. With the death of its two greatest actors, Danjuro and Kikugoro, the old school of Japanese drama is declining. The past régime is slowly but surely merging into the new, only following in this, the irresistible progressive movement to which modern Japan owes her present important place among the nations.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Photo Schloss

Dorothy Donnelly as Mme. Alvarez in "Soldiers of Fortune"

A Morning's Chat with Candida

(Interviews with Players No. 28)

A YOUNG woman, who looks Irish and Spanish, and speaks and walks American, who has earnest gray eyes, round almost to childishness, and with occasional, unexpected gleams of roguishness, curling, dark brown hair flecked with glints of bronze—that is Dorothy Donnelly, who played the title rôle in George Bernard Shaw's successful comedy, "Candida," during the best part of last season.

The actress resides with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry V. Donnelly, in their comfortable home on Lexington avenue, where wide rooms and high ceilings suggest the liberal expanse of a country house rather than the cribbed confines of a New York apartment, and here the writer saw her the other day. A long, low bookcase took up one end of the room, and on a large table a copy of Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood" lay half cut. From an inviting divan in coolest green Miss Donnelly rose to welcome us. Attired in a cool kimona, over a dainty mass of white muslin and lace ruffles, she seemed the incarnate spirit of the place, gracious, thoughtful, sincere.

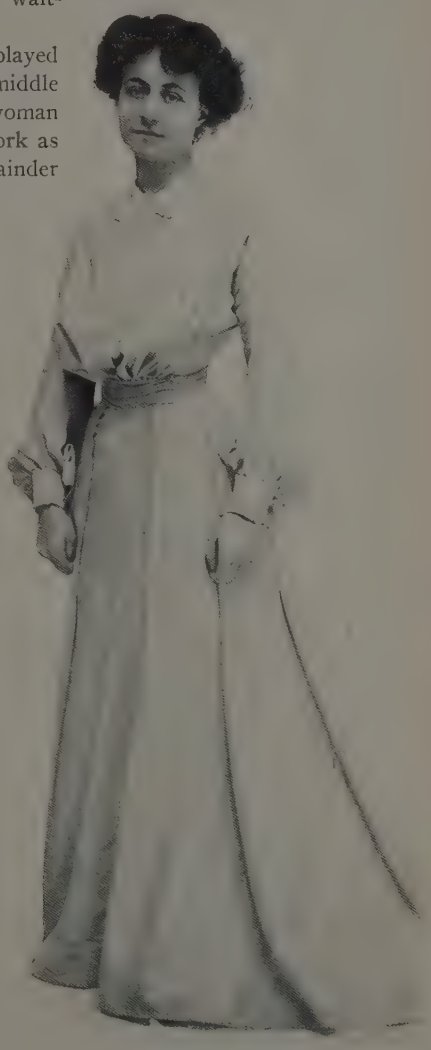
In her personal appearance, Dorothy Donnelly presents a startling variety. Instead of the cream and roses of the famed Irish complexion, which are hers by right of Hibernian descent, her olive skin is rather suggestive of lace mantillas, castanets and the sunny skies of Spain. Yet again, her swinging, self-reliant walk is entirely American and renders the contradictions only the more tantalizing.

She was born in New York and spent most of her life under the roof of her uncle, Fred Williams, the well-known stage manager. Fritz Williams, the well-known comedian, is her cousin. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, on Seventeenth street, and later studied music with William Mason, intending then to be a pianist. But living in the atmosphere of the theatre, her thoughts turned to the stage.

"I told my brother," she said, "that that was my preference, and he answered rather dubiously, 'Well, if that is what you want—'

"'It is,' I said, and in a short time I was a member of the Murray Hill Stock Company. I played servant parts the first year. My début was as a maid in 'Young Mrs. Winthrop.' I had a line about some one waiting outside.

"The second year I played juvenile parts, and the middle of that season the leading woman died, and I took up her work as best I could. For the remainder of my three years in the Murray Hill Stock I played leads. My fourth season I was with 'New England Folks' for a time, then with 'Soldiers of Fortune.' This season, as you know, I have been playing 'Candida' and the spy in 'A Man of Destiny.'"



MISS DONNELLY AS CANDIDA

Miss Donnelly has little sympathy with those players who decry the stock system and two performances a day because of the extra work it entails. She said:

"I remember my three years in a stock company happily, for I had reduced my work to a system. I ate a hearty, old-fashioned breakfast, then rehearsed from ten to twelve. After that I invariably took a brisk walk for a half hour. I drank a cup of cocoa and went to the theatre and played the matinee. We had a sitting room

Otto Sarony Co.

FANNY BROUGH

This accomplished English actress, who made the principal hit in "The Man from Blankley's," is to return to New York in September, and appear in "The Duke of Killiecrankie" at the Empire.

at the theatre, where I rested and dined between the afternoon and evening performances.

"After playing an evening performance," she added, "one is wide awake and has no inclination to go to bed. It is a time most players like to get together and talk. I chose that hour to study. In the early days of the week it was my part for the next week, but I was usually letter perfect by Thursday, and the remaining evenings I gave to any sort of study that I believed was helpful to me in my art."

The writer had often asked players what they thought were the best correlative studies for an actor. They had invariably answered: "Everything." Miss Donnelly also had a ready answer.

"Have you read Sir Henry Irving's 'Lectures on Acting?' It is the best epitome of the art of acting ever written. Mrs. Jamison's 'Characters of Women,' although every one who knows it calls it 'Shakespeare's Heroines,' is also indispensable. The best plays, old and new, should be part of an actress' library, and she can learn a great deal from novels in which the characters are well drawn. For instance, if one wants to do character work, what is better than Dickens?"

Miss Donnelly remarked that the study of music, and of painting were also helpful to the actor's art.

"Take pictures, for instance," she said. "I saw recently a collection of Spanish paintings. That of a dancing girl I have stored away in my sub-conscious memory for possible future use. It is more than merely a painting of a Spanish girl. It is a picture of youthful poise, of insouciance. Should I ever be cast for a part even remotely resembling that one, the study of the picture would be immensely helpful to me.

"Now, as to music, I think it stirs and keeps alive temperament and the understanding of temperament. But, to be more specific, incidental music properly subservient to a situation is sometimes of great assistance. For instance, in the scene of testing the thumb-marks in 'Pudd'nhead Wilson,' the effect is much heightened by the introduction of an air called 'Do You Remember?' Perhaps only a few in the audience knew the music, but to those who did the song was illuminative. Before the last act of 'Candida' we had a love song of Tchaikowsky's, the most beautiful story of spiritual love ever written in music. I suggested this to Mr. Daly, and we thought it was excellent preparation for the last act, in which Candida's love for her husband and Eugene Marchbank's love for her are the theme."

The conversation thus drifted to Arnold Daly, the young actor-manager, who made "Candida" a brilliant success in New York after two dismal failures in London.

"There never was another such stage director as Mr. Daly," said his Candida with reverence. This actress' spirit is ever in reverential attitude toward the theatre and its high priests. "He does not say," she went on, 'Play the part like this,' and show you how he would play it, and inject his personality into the interpretation instead of your own. On the contrary, he will say, 'Subdue this or that feature of your personality that is not attractive, and make prominent this other which is.' The interpretation is your own, and your own is best when he has finished. He is a great analyst, not in the academic way—he never talks about the 'inherence of the coherence,' or any twaddle of that sort—but he will take a little passing mood of the characters of small account or none to a less gifted mind—and tell you to make the best and the most of it. He is unique in such analyses."

Referring to her own performance, she said:

"I am happy that people like my Candida, but I owe very much, most of my success in the part, to Mr. Daly. Candida was a noble woman, of too high and fine a nature to be other than ideal. I understand her, or perhaps it would be less egotistic to say I have tried to understand her. It hurts me to hear any one say that there is even a suggestion of materialism in her nature, for I feel then that I haven't shown her character aright, that I haven't done her justice.

"I hear a little gasp from a woman in the audience now and then when I speak the lines: 'How can you talk to me of goodness and purity? I would give them both to Eugene as willingly as I would throw a shawl to a beggar who was dying of cold if there were not other things to restrain me.' People seem to miss the last saving clause in their astonishment at the rest of the sentence, but it is a mightily saving clause. For she does love her husband. She will always love him. No other love is possible for her. She is merely theorizing when she talks about the boy poet and the effect of the love of good or bad women upon his future.

"'Put your trust in my love for you, James,' she says, and that is the keynote of the play and of her character. Her love is all compassing in her affection for her husband. It deals tenderly with his small shams and exalts his manliness. It has the protective, maternal instinct that is part of every good woman's love. It would not be possible for Candida to sin in the way of material love, and I am chagrined when I hear it hinted by those who see the play. I fear then, as I said, that I have wronged her by giving a misinterpretation of an ideal character."

Then she discussed authoritatively personality and metier.

"It is something within and independent of that without," she said. "Ada Rehan is too tall and large for a girl, and she is no longer young, yet she is the best player of girl parts in America. It is only those who have the youthful metier, which has nothing at all to do with age or years, who can play girl parts well."

ADA PATTERSON.

Gabriel Pares, leader of the band of the Republican Guard of Paris, the most famous brass band in the world. The band is going to St. Louis and will be heard once in New York. M. Pares was born in 1860 and won first prize at the Conservatoire. He has held his present position since 1893. He is also a composer of considerable merit.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, contrary to her usual custom, will spend the summer performing "Du Barry" in the West, instead of going to her country place at Shelter Island. The above is the actress' most recent photograph as the famous French courtesan.

How Buffalo Bill First Gained Celebrity

WILLIAM F. CODY (Buffalo Bill) owes his world-wide fame to Ned Buntline, the inventor of the dime novel. Buntline was a student at Annapolis, and served several years in the Navy. After a number of duels with his brother officers, he left the service and set to writing Indian tales for the New York *Mercury*. Later he lectured on temperance in California, where I met him in 1870. In the West he met Bill Cody, of whose picturesque personality he wrote a description for the *Mercury*, an article which was copied by nearly all the papers in the country.

That was the beginning of Buffalo Bill's fame. Up to this time he was known very little on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, where he had the reputation of killing more buffaloes than any one on the plains, and of being a daring Indian scout. When Buntline arrived in New York the publishers of the Beadle Dime Library engaged him to write more Buffalo Bill stories. He wrote tale after tale, in which Buffalo Bill was the hero, and they were eagerly devoured by the masses as fast as they flew from the presses.

A few years after this I was walking down Broadway with Jim Nixon, the old circus manager, and we met Ned Buntline. He said to Nixon: "I have a scheme; will you go in with me? I have been writing to Buffalo Bill to learn if I can get him to go on the stage and star in some Indian play that I want to write for him." Nixon said: "Yes, I will go in; there are millions in it."

In a few weeks Buntline heard from Cody, stating that he would meet him in Chicago, and that he would bring along some real Indians, also Texas Jack and Wild Bill, two well-known Western scouts, who had already been well starred in dime novels. I was engaged to go along. We reached Chicago before Buffalo Bill. We secured a few idle actors, a stage manager and advertised the opening night.

Buffalo Bill was late, and arrived with his Indians only the day before the opening. That morning the stage manager asked Buntline for the manuscript. "Why," said Buntline, "I haven't written the play yet." So he sat right down and in a few hours had the great realistic border play, "The Scouts of the Plains," all ready. "Now," he said, "get plenty of blank ammunition and rope to tie the hero to the burning stake." While the stage manager was rehearsing the Indians, Buffalo Bill was committing to memory his few lines. They opened to a packed house, and it went with a hurrah. The audience did not see very good acting, but enough bloodshed to give them a good nightmare every night for a week. We played in a few Western towns and then worked our way East.

Afterwards Buffalo Bill starred on his own account and became one of the celebrities of the day. DR. JUDD.

Where the Player Seeks Recreation and

Copyright Byron, N. Y.

Copyright Burr McIntosh

1. Julia Marlowe in the Catskills. 2. Kyrle Bellew bicycling in Berkshire, England. 3. John Drew and his daughter, Louise, at Easthampton, L. I. 4. Blanche Ring enjoys a surf bath. 5. Dorothy Donnelly and her nephew at Far Rockaway. 6. William Gillette's own room on his house-boat the "Aunt Polly" (Warner Photograph Co.). 7. Annie Russell at The Ledge, Pemaquid, Me. (courtesy of Gustave Kobbé). 8. Frank Daniels drives an auto. 9. Joseph Jefferson at Buzzards Bay

Rest after the Storm and Stress of Stageland

10. Maclyn Arbuckle in the Thousand Islands. 11. William Faversham and his wife, Julie Opp, on their farm in Surrey, England. 12. Marie Dressler selling peanuts at Coney Island. 13. W. H. Crane's summer residence at Cohasset, Mass. 14. Richard Mansfield and his wife, Beatrice Cameron, at New London. 15. Viola Allen's summer home at Great Neck, L. I. 16. Mary Shaw at Siasconset (photo McIntosh). 17. James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering shooting in the Adirondacks. 18. May Robson shelling peas at Siasconset (photo McIntosh). 19 Louis James at Monmouth Beach. 20. Fritz Williams, Katherine Florence and Dorothy Donnelly on a summer cruise. 21. Henrietta Crosman at Sunapee Lake, N. H.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON
From a photograph taken by B. J. Falk in 1889

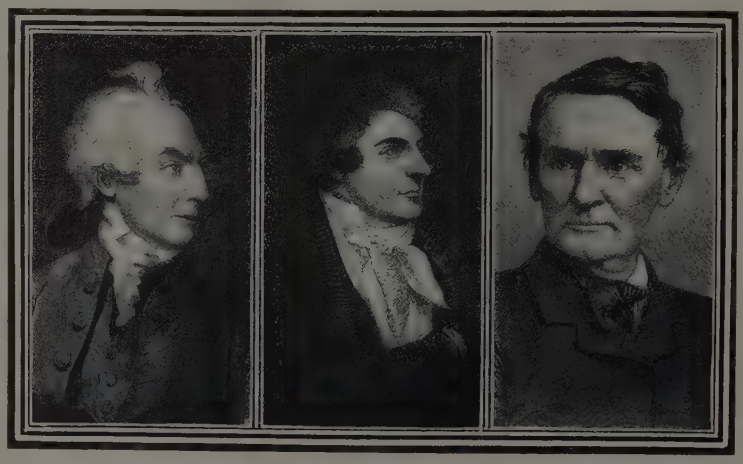
FAMOUS FAMILIES
OF
AMERICAN PLAYERS

No. 2 - THE JEFFERSONS

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Contemporary with Garrick and the founder of the Jefferson family of actors

A CLATTER of hoofs along the country road, and a young horseman rode wildly through London to spread the news of the defeat of the Pretender. George II. was king, and the year was 1745—during the Jacobite rebellion. In an inn nearby, David Garrick and his fellow-actors were carousing, and the landlord told them of a comely youth without, who could sing and dance and tell a story well. The company would see the stranger, so the rider was summoned, and there entered—the first of the Jefferson family of actors.

Details in the life of Thomas Jefferson (1728-1807) are obscure; even his first meeting with Garrick is somewhat legendary; yet we are safe in conjecturing that Garrick took a fancy to the country bumpkin and used his influence to help him in Drury Lane. Here he tried Horatio to the great tragedian's Hamlet. Later Jefferson's attention was turned to theatrical management, and he left Garrick, carrying with him the actor's wig as a parting gift. The Plymouth Theatre was taken by him in 1760, and he had an experience of twelve years as an itinerant actor. His first wife, Miss May, died in 1776 of excessive laughter, and it is recorded that Jefferson once interrupted an audience to have a hearty laugh over some humorous situation. We know that this actor was married twice; that in his profession, his comedy was considered good, and his tragedy was held beside that of Macklin, the great Shylock of the past. His repertoire was extensive; Leonato in "Much Ado," Gratiano in "The Merchant of Venice," Jacques in "As You Like It," Orsino in "Twelfth Night." These alone point to the fact that the progenitor of the Jefferson family was to transmit a comedy vein to the future generations. He died at Ripon, Yorkshire, January 24, 1807.



Joseph Jefferson I — Joseph Jefferson II — Joseph Jefferson III

THE THREE JOSEPH JEFFERSONS

The second Jefferson of note, the first of those Josephs to go down in theatrical history, was born at Plymouth in 1774. He received a good education and in early youth was seen on the stage in small parts. He must have been independent, both in thought and action, for he showed republican sympathies, and vigorously opposed his father's second marriage. These two facts were the cause of his going to America in 1795, and thereafter he never returned to England.

Now an American actor, Jefferson spent most of his time between Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. He began in Boston as scene-painter, trying occasional small parts, such as one of the witches in "Macbeth." Next he went to the John Street Theatre, New York, where he remained until 1803, his low comedy and old men's rôles attracting much attention.

An amusing story is told that reveals the vividness of the actor's old men. A sympathetic lady had seen him, bent over and tottering on the stage, and she became fired with determination to remove such an old person from the boards by giving him money so that his last days might be spent in comfort. She went to the theatre to consult the management, carrying with her a list of

THOMAS JEFFERSON (1728-1807)

m. (1) Miss May* (d. 1776) — *m.* (2) Miss Wood

John | Joseph* (1774-1832) | Frank | George* | Frances* | Elizabeth

m. Euphemia Fortune* — *m.* Sam'l Butler*

S. S. W. Butler* (d. 1845)

Thomas 4* (d. 1824) | John* (d. 1831) | Hester* (d. 1845) | Joseph* (1804-42) | Euphemia* (d. 1831) | Elizabeth* (1810-1890) | Mary Anne* (d. 1831) | Jane

m. (1826) Mrs. Thomas Burke*

Joseph* | Cornelia*

m. (1) (1850) Margaret Clements Lockyer* (d. 1861) — *m.* (2) (1867) Sarah Isabel Warren

Charles Burke* (b. 1851) | Frances Florence (b.-d. 1855) | Thomas* (1857) | Frank (1885) | Henry (d. 1875)

Margaret Jane (1853) | Joseph, Jr. (1856-7) | Josephine Duff (1859) | William Winter* (1876) | Joseph Warren (1869)

*Some members of the family who became actors.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

As Asa Trenchard | As Bob Acres | As Dr. Pangloss | As Rip Van Winkle

JOSEPH JEFFERSON IN FOUR OF HIS MOST FAMOUS CHARACTERIZATIONS

names, headed by her own. Jefferson, lively and young, passed by at the critical moment, and was introduced to his would-be benefactress, who, somewhat confused, beat a hasty retreat. Long before it was justifiable to do so, the actor was dubbed "old Jefferson" by those who had seen him.

Jefferson is said to have resembled the President of the United States, with whom he was indirectly connected. Thomas Jefferson had once given him a court suit as a token of friendship. One source describes the actor as "scarcely of medium height, not corpulent, elderly, with clear and searching eyes, a rather large and pointed nose, and an agreeable general expression."

Those eyes of Joseph Jefferson carried humor wherever they roved. It was said of him: "He played everything that was comic, and always made people laugh until the tears came into their eyes. . . . He had a patent right to shake the world's diaphragm, which seemed to be infallible." We can imagine the pungency of his Dogberry and Verges, the free wit of his Lancelot Gobbo, the foretaste in his Bob Acres of his grandson's great rôle.

In 1806, Joseph returned to the Park Theatre, appearing with success as Sir Oliver Surface, Charles and Crabtree, likewise stamping himself as a capital Sir Peter Teazle. An interesting cast of a performance of "The School for Scandal," given in 1831, is here reproduced in part, showing the Jefferson family of actors:

Sir Peter Teazle, Joseph Jefferson, Sr.; Sir Oliver Surface, John Jefferson; Rowley, Joseph Jefferson, Jr. (father of the present Joseph Jefferson); Lady Teazle, Mrs. S. Chapman (Elizabeth); Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Joseph Jefferson, Jr.; Lady Sneerwell, Miss Anderson (daughter of Euphemia Jefferson); Maria, Miss Jefferson (Mary Ann).

On the evening of this performance, John fractured his skull by slipping on orange peel, and he never recovered. Another son of Jefferson's, Thomas, was accidentally killed in 1824, while substituting for a fellow-actor. Calamities seemed to besiege Jefferson from April, 1820, when the Chestnut Street Theatre was destroyed by fire, until his death in 1832. Gout, his father's old trouble, attacked him, and he lived to see public favor slip from his hands, for his last testimonial proved a failure.

CORNELIA JEFFERSON

Mother of the present Joseph Jefferson

Joseph Jefferson the second was born in Philadelphia in 1804. He went on the stage early in years, and, like his father, won regard for his old men parts. In 1824 he was a member of the Chatham Garden Theatre, and he also played continually in Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. On July 27, 1826, at the age of twenty-two, he married Mrs. Thomas Burke, who was eight years older than he. In 1829, he managed theatres for his father; in 1831-32, he was in Washington; in 1835-37, he was scene-painter at the Franklin Theatre, New York. In 1837, a benefit was given to him, at which the present Joseph Jefferson was present. In the fall of that year he left for Chicago, and thereafter his life was spent in travel through the West and South.

His sister, Elizabeth Jefferson, herself an actress of no small importance, wrote: "My brother Joe was a gentle, good man, true and kind in every relation of life. He was very like his father,—so much so that in the play of 'The Exile,' where the latter had to dance in domino, Joe would often, to save his father the trouble, put on the dress and dance the quadrille, and no spectator could tell the difference, or was aware of the change of persons." The same is also

The pictures reproduced here have been kindly loaned by Mr. Jefferson from his private collection

true of the present Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson, son of "Rip," often goes on to play his father's part when the latter is indisposed, or unable to appear, and the audience rarely knows the difference.

The word genial typifies the Jefferson family. The philosophy of Joseph II., while sitting and fishing, often took this form: "I have lost everything, and I am so poor now that I really cannot afford to let anything worry me." He died in Mobile, Alabama, on November 24, 1842, of yellow fever.

In the direct descent, each Jefferson seems to have belonged to his distinct period. Thomas Jefferson was within the glow of Woffington, Macklin, Cibber, Quinn—the contemporary of Johnson and Garrick. "He lived," records Winter, "till close on the regency of George IV., and passed away just as the new forces of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley were making a new era in human thought. Joseph Jefferson I. came to America during Washington's second term, and died in the first term of Jackson. Joseph Jefferson II. buffeted the days when civilization was moving to the Middle West, and when the comforts of travel were unknown. Joseph Jefferson III. has carried the family to the present rush of modern conditions, through the vital moments of a nation's growth."

The present Joseph Jefferson was born on February 20, 1829, and made his first appearance at the age of four, as Jim Crow, in perfect imitation of Rice, the delineator of negro characters. At eight, he, as a pirate, fought on the stage, and toward the end of 1837, he went with his father on his roving West and South. Pecuniarily, the Jeffersons were not overweighted, and hither and thither they traveled, singing and playing for their expenses; passing Indians, and small villages destined some day to become cities. Now the company's scenery dropped into the Mississippi, and Joseph Jefferson II. went courageously to work, re-painting the smeared landscapes; again, a young lawyer, none other than Abraham Lincoln, gaunt and awkward, aided them out of difficulties. Now we find the father of "Rip" a sign painter; again, the Jefferson family go down stream on a raft, with scenery as sails, whole fields and balustrades flung to the breeze. Barns were fitted up as theatres, candles spilled wax around, and shed a sputtering light. Not frills, but rough, healthy democracy greeted them everywhere.

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MISS JESSIE JORDAN

Graceful dancer who will be seen in New York shortly

HOWARD KYRLE

This well-known romantic actor will be seen in an important Broadway production next season

After his father's death, Joseph's career took him within the path of the Mexican war. He heard the guns of Palo Alto; and, at the tail end of the victorious American army, entered Metamoras with his mother and sister. Here followed experiences both in acting and in keeping a kind of restaurant, where gathered any but a select crowd to drink and curse and flourish knives. In 1849 he returned to the United States.

"Our American Cousin" was presented for the first time on October 18, 1858, with Jefferson as Asa Trenchard. The next few years witnessed Jefferson as Newman Noggs, Caleb Plummer, and Rip; besides bringing him into relations with Dion Boucicault. Early the next year his wife died, and his health giving way, Jefferson went to California and Australia, and finally sailed for England. When he arrived, Boucicault began on that version of the story of Rip Van Winkle to become so world-renowned.

Jefferson returned to America in 1866, and his time was now spent largely in touring. He married again in 1867, and in 1869 he bought two estates—one in Hohokus, N. J., the other in New Iberia, Louisiana.

The life of Joseph Jefferson has not been devoid of its shadows; but the entire family were given the special favor of a sunny philosophy. His domestic sorrows, his managerial trials, his ill-health in 1872, when threatened with blindness, death, all brought their dark days—but the hereditary strain was a smile.

As a painter, Jefferson's skill with the brush is an inheritance; as an angler, his skill with the rod comes from father to son. There have been many players in the Jefferson family, yet in each generation one alone has carried the art to a commanding height. The women have proven themselves worthy as stock actresses; none, however, have created styles that emphasize them as original. Mr. Jefferson has been criticised for contenting himself with his old repertoire instead of making new productions, and thus contributing to the artistic development of the American drama. The veteran actor replied to this: "I have been blamed for not doing something new. My critics do not realize that it would be a physical impossibility. Yet that is the truth. I simply could not learn a new rôle."

But, notwithstanding that Mr. Jefferson has not attempted any new parts within recent years, what he has done stamps him as one of the greatest comedians this country has produced, and has firmly established him in the affections of the American people.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

Byron

Edith Wynne Matthison and the Ben Greet players performing "The Merchant of Venice" to 1,800 persons in Cooper Union

Twenty-five Cent Shakespeare for the People

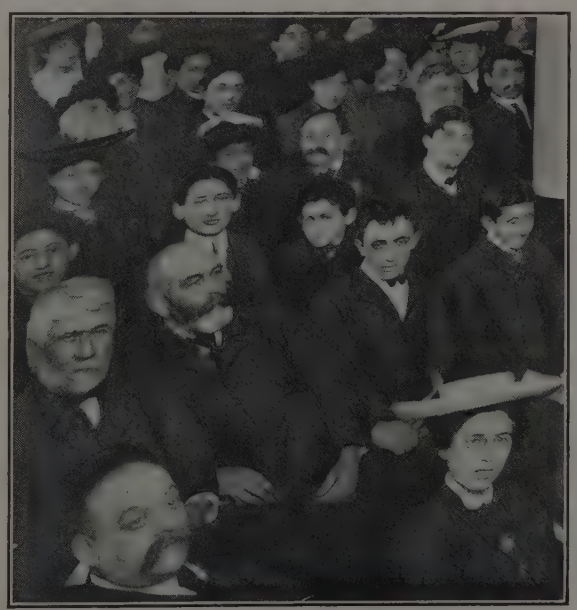
Charles Sprague Smith

"SHAKESPEARE spells ruin," is a well-known platitude, and, unfortunately, one of those platitudes having a strong foundation in fact. It is, therefore, all the more agreeable to record a recent instance to the contrary, when three performances devoted to the Bard of Avon were given at the Cooper Union, in this city, under the aegis of the People's Institute. "The Merchant of Venice" was played one evening and afternoon, and "Twelfth Night" was presented on one evening.

The large hall at the Cooper Union will hold about 1,600 people. At the matinée—which was given for school children—the place was full to the doors, with hundreds of would-be spectators turned away. From one school alone had come 700 advance applications for tickets. On the opening night of this experimental series the audience numbered 1,300, while 1,100 persons attended the third and last performance. The seats were of three grades, namely, 15, 25 and 50 cents.

The first performance of "The Merchant of Venice" was given with every 25 and 50-cent seat occupied. So there seems to be a taste for real art lurking about somewhere, after all—somewhere in the benighted regions of the East Side, among the Russian old clothesmen, the Hungarian grocers and the Italian barbers. How sorry we are for those ignorant foreigners who come to these shores! How they need uplifting, from their vilely degraded habits to the higher realms of Broadway musical comedy and the joys of Coney Island!

And nobody was ruined, not even the humble fifteen-centers. For the total of the money taken in exactly sufficed to pay Ben Greet and his company of English players. License fee, rental, printing, and a few small subsidiary items were defrayed from the treasury of the People's Institute. With the 15-cent seats abolished, and a more perfect system of organization, arising from experience—since this was only a beginning—one may reasonably conclude that Shakespeare can be given to the people without financial loss to any one, at the same time ensuring fair remuneration to the actors. It is certain, too, that some of the people, young and old, want to see Shakespeare acted upon a stage. The audiences manifested an intelligent interest in what they saw and heard, though so many of them were none too well versed in the English language.



Byron

Types among the spectators

As a theatrical, nay, as a sociological event, this was one of very great importance. Here was the finest of dramatic literature put before the common people at prices which they could afford to pay. They were being worthily entertained and instructed in so far as it is possible for the drama to fulfill those functions. This is not the proper occasion to discuss whether play-going is elevating or not. But every one will agree that Shakespeare, Sophocles, and Schiller are, upon the whole, less debasing company than contortionists, coon cake-walkers, and cackling conundrum-crackers.

Here were a number of the common people and their children being improved. In many of them latent tendencies towards good thinking were awakened, others were directly stimulated to the study of the best that is to be found in books, others yet felt encouraged to continue and enlarge an already existing habit of communing with the choice spirits of the past. Statistical figures are not obtainable, but the truth is that a large proportion of those spectators had never before seen a play by Shakespeare, or any play whatever, acted upon a public stage. In two days 4,000 of New York's proletariat received the most positive mental improvement that the drama is capable of affording.

MISS MARY MAINWARING
Young English actress who will be seen on the American stage next season

They went to the Cooper Union, these men, women, and children, unblest with wealth and station, to hear the lines of Shakespeare recited. They knew nothing of the actors, nothing of costly scenery (of which there was none to see), nothing of brilliant costumes (which were not splendid). Having come to hear Shakespeare, they left the place with the impression of just so much good poetry on their minds. Their "betters" who sit in velvet chairs in the Broadway theatres—what is *their* motive in visiting a performance of "The Merchant of Venice?" Why, to "see Irving," or to "see Mansfield," or to "see Ada Rehan," and to gabble nonsensically about the "magnificent production" afterwards, while flaunting their fat leather pocket-books and their vulgar demi-mondaine confections at noisy supper resorts.

These performances, evolved from simple recitals (in a smaller room at the Cooper Union) of Shakespeare, by a man standing alone on a platform in plain clothes, will be continued. The experiment having apparently justified itself, next season the People's Institute—which is supported by voluntary philanthropical funds amounting to ten or eleven thousand dollars a year—proposes to extend its dramatic activities. Not only Shakespeare, but other classic playwrights, including, possibly, Sophocles and Euripides, are to be represented, at low prices, of course. If the consent of the Cooper Union trustees can be obtained, the plays will be given at the same place. And at present, Ben Greet's company seems the most likely to serve the purpose again, especially as the employment of scenery is prohibited at the Cooper Union.

There were many unforeseen obstacles to overcome before the May series was safely launched, and no doubt the path of the People's Institute's directing board will be far from flowery next season. But Charles Sprague Smith, the managing secretary of that enthusiastic association, is a man with an iron chin, whom it is difficult to discourage. He thinks that the beginning of the new year will see the beginning of the second dramatic series.

The society in question aims at the erection of a great People's Hall, covering an area equal to a city block, the central feature to be an immense auditorium with a stage suitable for dramatic performances. In this Hall the work that the society has been doing for the last six years will be continued on an ampler scale. The People's Institute, founded in 1897, has provided free lectures on science, history, art, civics, economics, ethics, and has served as a forum for the discussion of momentous problems of our time. These last two winters, symphony concerts, with merely nominal rates of admission, have been added to the programme. Nor must the religious services held in the Cooper Union be forgotten. In the new People's Hall, these things will all be offered, and there will be a gymnasium and swimming pool besides, for popular use, under the auditorium. The idea is to create a People's Palace à la Besant. "Built by all," so runs the society's creed, "the People's Hall will be used by all, and in that common, fraternal gathering place, false distinctions of class, foreign to our democratic spirit, will cease and be forgotten, and true patriotism, first civic, then national, then universal, be fostered."

Like other Utopian fancies, the proposition to establish genuine democracy is amusing, and not much will come of it. But it is better to be Utopian and attempt the impossible than to do nothing at all, and the People's Institute has evidently done a great deal more than nothing at all in the past. Its future stands assured, not, indeed, as that of an earthly paradise, but as a place for dignified instruction and recreation. Some day, let us hope, the energetic board of directors of the People's Institute will find enough Utopianism in them to organize an institution for the salvation of the "upper" classes from musical comedies, afternoon teas, bridge, the best-selling novel of the day, pet pomeranians, and fashionable rectors.

L. S.

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Franz von Vecsey, th. young Hungarian violinist whose phenomenal playing has astounded all Europe. H .s only .1 year old, ·nd after playing the most difficult pieces with superhuman ease and skill, he goes off to amuse himself like any normal child. He will probably be the next musical prodigy to visit America.

George Ade is so pleased with the reception his new piece, "The Sho Gun," has met with in Chicago that he writes: "If this piece does not please New York next season, I shall cheerfully forswear writing musical comedies forever." If only some of our other librettists would make a like vow! Mr. Ade will spend most of the summer on his 400-acre farm in Indiana, watching the potatoes ripen and shooting the rapids of the Iroquois River.

New York's New Summer Amusement Resort

SOME OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF DREAMLAND, CONEY ISLAND, WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE COST OVER $2,000,000

1. The Tower, 375 feet high and illuminated at night with 100,000 electric lights. 2. Submarine Boat Building. 3. Santos-Dumont Air Ship No. 9. 4. Promenade, Chutes and Lagoon. 5. Pompeiian Building, where the spectacle "Last Days of Pompeii" is presented. 6. Lilliputian Railroad. 7. Doge's Palace, in which are seen the canals of Venice. 8. Exterior view of the Midget City. 9. Bostock's Wild Animals Building. 10. Military Spectacle Building. 11. Sensational spectacle, Fighting the Flames. 12. Air Ship Building.

Photo Byron

Among the exhibits at St. Louis of peculiar interest to musicians is an invention by Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark, wife of the well-known steel magnate, and whose mediæval castle, "Grey Craig," is one of the sights of Newport. Mrs. Clark has invented a resounding curved piano lid which projects and amplifies the tone with marvellous results. Mrs. Clark, who is seen in the above picture sitting at her piano, is a great-granddaughter of Jethro Wood, inventor of the first iron plow, and who with Morse and Fulton is considered one of the world's three great inventors. Richard Strauss, during his recent visit to New York, declared that Mrs. Clark's invention would mark a new era in piano construction. Mrs. Clark is also a musical composer of no mean ability, and a new operetta by her will be seen on the stage some time next season.

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen

Millicent Moone

MY DEAR JAMES K. HACKETT:

If I confess at the outset that I once thought there were better actors than you on the American stage, I hope you'll forgive me, and put it down to my ignorance. I simply did not know you. Of course, you understand that I've never seen any of you players, but formed my ideals entirely from photographs and hearsay. But it is your pictures more than anything else that have convinced me that you are the beau ideal! What a splendid stage lover you must make! A king in stature, erect as the pine, godlike features, the grace of an Apollo, and a profile like an old Roman coin, is it a wonder that the Matinee Girl gets woozy about you! But why in your photographs are you always looking over your left shoulder? I hope the new moon is not there, for that would mean bad luck. And in your pictures your hair is always so immaculately brushed, and yet I have heard there is in front a recalcitrant lock that occasionally comes unfurled. I am told that when it drops over your eyes in exciting scenes you toss your head like a stag at bay, and with such a dramatic swirl that it immediately is swept back into place. The whole proceeding must be very cute.

I would dearly love to see you act. I've heard that you hold your audiences spellbound, and that the applause at each curtain is simply deafening. You are without question a great favorite in Harlem. I read in the paper that the audiences at the West End Theatre simply went wild over you in "The Crown Prince." By the way, where did you get those funny lithographs for that play? The pictures covering the city walls made you look like a cross between an octopus and a starfish.

I hear you are a mighty hunter and a crack shot. When I said that my brother again butted in, as he calls it, and said: "I wish he'd shoot that silk hat of his. It looks like a compromise between Henry Irving's antique headpiece and Oscar Hammerstein's flat-brimmed chapeau," I suppose he thought that was funny. I don't. It's irreverent. I once saw a picture of you in your hunting dress beside the carcass of a deer. It seemed as though it were a flash-light of a scene from "As You Like It," and that you were just about to burst into song with: "What shall he have that killed the deer?"

I am told that you take yourself and your art very seriously. That is right. If you don't who should? You have been so long associated with the nobility of the stage that it is quite excusable if you believe yourself of the blood royal. Looking back over your theatrical career since your association with the old Lyceum, I am fairly staggered by the list of royal personages you have personated with such glittering and bewildering success. There was George IV. when he was Prince Regent, the "King of Zenda," "Prince Rupert," another Prince in the "Pride of Jennico," and now "The Crown Prince" of Mr. Broadhurst's creation. I don't really see how, after shedding your regalia of royalty, you manage to behave afterwards like an every-day American citizen. It simply shows how versatile you are! I do not wonder that that hauteur and dignity of carriage which are so prominent in your work on the stage attach to you even in private life. I remember reading some time ago in the THEATRE MAGAZINE that you are as kingly at home as on the stage, that your private secretary and other retainers retreat backward from your august presence, and even your charming wife, Mary Mannering, calls you "My Lord!"

You deserve to be dubbed Hackett the Strenuous, quite as much as a certain other distinguished gentleman who occupies an even more exalted position. Certainly you are the busiest man in the entire profession. Your ambition not satisfied with mere acting, you compete with the commercial manager, beating him at his own game, going boldly into the foreign play market and snapping up European successes under his very nose. To be sure, "The Bishop's Move" venture did not turn out very happily, but that was the fault of the public, who had not the good sense to appreciate the merit of the piece rather than a reflection on your own judgment. It was certainly a most remarkable play, and a less strenuous actor-manager might well have been discouraged by the non-success of his virgin managerial effort. But you are made of sterner stuff, and "The Secret of Polichinelle" proved later that you do know a good thing when you see it, better even than a certain gentleman up the street who declared an old man play would never go in America. You are a born fighter, and the wrist of steel is plainly visible under the velvet glove. You fought the Trust hotly for some time, but no true gentleman can bear malice forever, and I fully approve your chivalrous decision to confine your fighting henceforth strictly to stage duels. You will always be my hero, because you are great! By the way, what has become of "Alexander the Great?"

J. K. Hackett

Your sincere friend,

MILLICENT MOONE,

———Academy for Young Ladies,

———on the Hudson.

Photo Byron

SCENE IN FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS' ONE-ACT DRAMA, "A LITTLE TRAGEDY OF TIEN-TSIN"

A young Englishman, visiting the Chinese city, meets with an accident in front of a mandarin's house, and when cared for inside falls in love with the mandarin's wife. The jealous Chinaman, hidden behind a screen, overhears the avowal, and, later, while seeming to welcome his guest, gives him poisoned food, the Englishman falling dead. Not content with this vengeance the mandarin seizes his wife as she enters the room and chokes her to death. This little piece, which is well told, albeit somewhat gloomy, was performed recently at Keith's Theatre, this city. Robert Loraine played the part of the mandarin and Clifford Constable was seen as the English visitor.

Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

PART IV*

JULIA WEMPLE

THE fiancés escorted me from the station to Mrs. Siegrist's house. They each pressed my hand at parting, each being sure in his own mind that I was in Rachel's confidence and knew of the engagement, and that I sympathized with his grief at parting from her, but delicacy forbidding any mention of it before the other two.

It was a great comfort to be in a well-ordered house after our erratic ménage. Mrs. Siegrist was as determined that I should not fail as I was, and she said I should remain with her until I did get something.

I continued my search for an engagement. I wrote to every manager whom I heard was forming a company, asking for an interview, and received nice little type-written refusals. Sometimes I boldly went to their offices and generally succeeded in having an interview with a haughty office boy. The manager was either out or did not see people except by appointment. Occasionally I was received, but their companies were always full.

Every now and again Mr. Sykes, the first agent to whom Rachel had taken me, sent me a postal to call at his office at eleven the next day. I would go, only to find the office crowded with women of every size and description. Their respective costumes were of all hues and styles. Miss S. affected a garden party costume, and little Miss B. wore a yachting dress. Every description of gown was represented, save, possibly, ball dresses and bathing suits.

Some of the women knew each other, and they related their season's experiences. They said what they wanted this year, and the things they would not do under any circumstances, and they all had some good and sufficient reason why they were so late signing.

If I had had a sense of humor, I suppose I should have been amused, but I was so hopeless and weary myself, that all those waiting women only struck me as pathetic. Yet all must go through it.

Mr. Sykes was most impartial. He would hustle one lady out of his inner office and beckon another one in. If any one ventured to ask a question he was very angry, and replied, "Now, my dear, you know as much about it as I do; you'll be notified to-morrow."

Often I never knew who the manager was who inspected me, nor for what play he was engaging people. Frequently, after seeing a number of people, the man would depart, Mr. Sykes would appear and dismiss the rest, and this, perhaps, after hours of waiting.

Mr. Sykes would give me a note now and then to take to some manager's office. The manager always read it and took my name and address. I think every manager in New York has my name and address.

Another month slipped by in this way. I had been in New York four months, and nothing yet in sight!

The fiancés called on me in detachments of one and talked to me of Rachel and read me scraps of her letters.

One day I received her wedding cards and a letter; she was marrying a well-to-do young man whom she had known before she went on the stage. The fiancés dropped off after that, all except Tim; he came several times and finally suggested that as I was the nicest girl he knew except Rachel, and as we were both so fond of her, we might as well be married.

I could not see it that way. I did not want to be married, I only wanted to be engaged—by some good manager. So Tim disappeared, too.

All the theatres were now beginning to open, and companies were rehearsing everywhere. I was in despair. I felt ashamed to go on living with Mrs. Siegrist. I proposed giving up and going home, but she wouldn't hear of it.

"The only advantage in having money," she said, "was to be able to help others."

Both she and Mr. Siegrist did everything in their power to cheer me up. They took me to all the first nights and treated me exactly as if

*This serial began in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for April

MISS NELLIE BEAUMONT
Seen recently in "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp"

I was their own.

I met Mr. Darcy one day on Broadway. He told me that Turner was ill and had to give up the business, so poor Mr. Darcy was out again. He did not know what he was going to do any more than I did. He told me Herbert Heartwell had been engaged by a big star as leading man. It seemed good to hear of some one having luck. The very next day I met Mr. Heartwell and his bride. He introduced me as his mother, as usual.

I congratulated him on his marriage and his engagement.

"Have you anything yet?" he asked.

I shook my head. He looked at his bride. "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll take you around and introduce you to Norman. He's a friend of ours and business manager for Henry Canfeld, who is to manage Stephanie Debramway this season. They are engaging people for her new play."

"Stephanie Debramway—I never heard of her. Who is she?"

"She is stage-struck and has barrels of money. She's her own angel. Both Canfeld and Norman work on salaries. It's a snap!"

So we walked uptown a few blocks to one of the big theatre buildings, where Mr. Canfeld had a suite of offices. We jostled our way through the crowd of thespians who are always loitering about that particular part of the Rialto.

Mr. Norman was a tall, nice-looking man, a fine type of the business-like American. Heartwell explained the situation and made his regulation joke about my being his mother.

I had on my ingenue costume, so Mr. Norman was moved to much mirth. Presently he called a Mr. Peabody, who was to stage the play. This person looked me over reflectively.

"There is a small part still open," he murmured; "you might do for that. You are just the type of girl I want for the part. But," he added, "the salary is very small."

"I don't care how small it is, as long as it is something," I gasped.

"Well, come in to-morrow," he said. "Mr. Canfeld will be here then and we'll talk it over."

He retreated just as calmly as if he had not made me the happiest girl in New York. I stood gazing after him until they all laughed at me.

"I'm very glad for you, dear," smiled Mrs. Heartwell. "Wasn't it lucky Herbert thought of it? But, child, you mustn't show your feelings so plainly. You won't let her be disappointed, will you, David?"

"I'll do my best. There's only one thing Miss Debramway is very particular about, and I'm sure Miss Wemple is all right on that score. Come in to-morrow at twelve."

When we were on the street again, I asked Mr. Heartwell what it was Miss Debramway was so strict about.

"Morals!" he answered, solemnly.

"Oh, dear!" I gasped. "Suppose she should hear of my walking about with that dreadful Mr. Grouse!"

Mr. Heartwell laughed. "If she does," he said, "I'll square it with Norman."

They left me, and I simply danced up home to tell Mrs. Siegrist. She wanted to go right downtown and buy a new dress for me, so I'd be sure to impress Mr. Canfeld favorably, but I would not permit any such thing.

I was at the office next day fully fifteen minutes too early. Mr. Norman came out of the inner office and brought me a chair. I had never had a chair offered me in a manager's office before, and it so surprised me that I forgot to sit down. We were soon summoned into an inner office, where Mr. Norman introduced me to Mr. Canfeld. Mr. Peabody was there also. Both he and Mr. Canfeld had their coats on and their hats off, and neither of them was smoking, all of which was a surprising and agreeable novelty.

"Mr. Heartwell recommends Miss Wemple," began Mr. Norman. "She hasn't had much experience, but Heartwell says she has talent."

"That's what we're looking for, eh, Peabody? new faces and talent!" said Mr. Canfeld.

"As far as looks go," replied Mr. Peabody, "she is exactly what we want for the little Quakeress."

The three men looked at each other significantly, then Mr. Canfeld asked me quite as if I were a little girl:

"Would you like to play a Quakeress—eh, child?"

"I'd like to play anything," I answered promptly.

"Well, if Mr. Peabody says so—" he began.

"Please, Mr. Peabody—" I begged.

"The salary," explained Mr. Peabody, "is only twenty dollars a week. You are only in one act, but as it is a costume play, we furnish the dress, so you'll be under no expense for clothes. We are only engaging the people for four weeks, in case the play should be a failure. But if it is the success we hope, we shall, of course, play all season."

Mr. Norman nodded reassuringly.

"That is quite satisfactory," I said, in the most business-like tone I could muster.

"We begin rehearsals in three weeks. You will be notified in time. Come in in a few days and we'll have your contract ready."

I don't know how I got out of the office. I remember hearing Mr. Canfeld say in an amused tone, "She's a genuine ingenue!"

Our rehearsals began in two weeks. We rehearsed at first in a lodge room, over a saloon on Thirty-second street. Later, we had a theatre. Mr. Peabody introduced me to every one; all the other people seemed acquainted. Every one was very gracious. We were given chairs, then Mr. Peabody read the play. That took nearly the whole afternoon. The next day work began in earnest. I did not go on until the second act, but I was always there at the hour called.

Miss Debramway did not come to rehearsals until we had been at work nearly a week. She came in quietly one day when we were in the middle of an act. She was a tall, dark woman, very French-looking, and beautifully dressed. She nodded silently to those whom she knew, and when her cue came went right on and began rehearsing without her book. After the act she was introduced to every one whom she did not already know. She said something tactful and agreeable to each.

She had an interesting personality, and during rehearsals I heard a lot about her. She was of French descent, wealthy, with good social position and every possible accomplishment. She might have made a name for herself either in music, literature or painting, but she gave up everything to act. Her father was willing she should lose money up to a certain amount, but no more, hence the four-weeks' clause in our contracts. She had starred through New England last season and "quit even," so Mr.

(*Continued on page v.*)

Otto Sarony Co.
MISS MAUD WHITE
Appeared in "There and Back" at the Princess Theatre and seen more recently in Vaudeville. She was formerly with Richard Mansfield

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ARTICLES—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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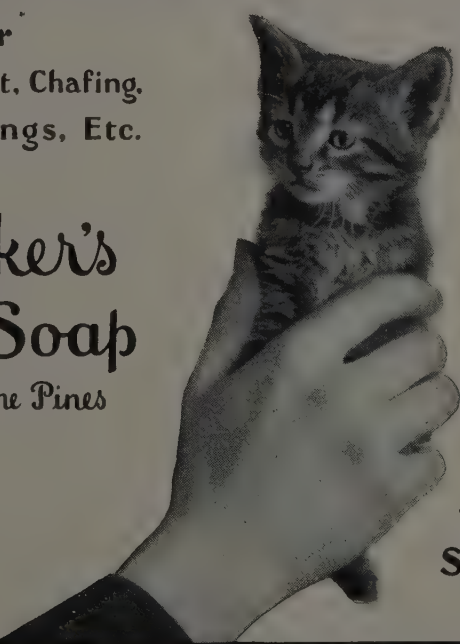

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Drama at Home and Abroad

EMMA FRANCIS
Lately seen in the "Beauty and the Beast" Company

IT is now definitely settled that Mme. Réjane will return to America next November for a tour under the management of Messrs. Liebler & Co. The distinguished actress will be seen in several plays, including "La Passerelle," "La Course aux Flambeaux," and "Zaza." M. Desmesnil will be her leading man. The tour will include engagements in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans.

The Opéra Comique, of Paris, has remounted Gluck's "Alceste," which has not been given in its entirety for forty-three years.

The stage version of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will be seen in Chicago for the first time on July 10th next. Seven weeks later the piece will come to New York for an indefinite run at the Savoy. The players will include Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, as Mrs. Wiggs; Will T. Hodge, as Mr. Stubbins; Mabel Taliaferro, as Lovey Mary, and Helen Lowell, as 'Mis Hazy."

In a speech made a few weeks ago before the Arts Club of Manchester, England, Sir Henry Irving announced his intention to retire from the stage in another couple of years. He will then have been fifty years before the public. Sir Henry said: "Fifty years of active work as a player is enough; and when I have completed the tally of those years I shall shortly make my last bow to the public who have shown to me so much love and patience and sympathy; and I shall take with me as I go back from the glare of the footlights a memory which shall be a pride and a pleasure to whatever period of rest may be my lot." Irving made his first appearance on the stage at the Lyceum, Sunderland, in 1856, as Orleans in "Richelieu."

Copyright Dupont
LLOYD D'AUBIGNE
Tenor in the Castle Square Opera Company

Next season Bertha Galland will give New York theatre-goers an opportunity to see her as Juliet. The young actress first essayed the rôle in Washington a year ago. Orrin Johnson, who is to be her leading man, will be the Romeo.

Operatic performances at cheap prices, given at the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris, have turned out an immense success. Only two francs is charged for a seat, and by paying ten cents extra the seat may be reserved. The two operas given so far are Verdi's "Trovatore" and Adams's "Si J'Etais Roi."

A Chinese drama by Mme. Fred Gresac and Paul Ferrier, entitled "La Troisieme Lune," which is running successfully at the Paris Vaudeville, has been bought by Charles Frohman for America. The story is as follows: Fou-Pang is in love with Ly, the daughter of his employers, who have other projects for the girl, arrangements, in fact, for her wedding with another suitor having already been made. The lovers meet to arrange some plan for frustrating that of the parents, and they resolve to obtain the assistance of Fou-Pang's foster-sister, Si-Si, who is a renowned courtesan, and always full of resource. Si-Si consents to come to the lovers' assistance, and this she does by presenting herself to the suitor in question as the fiancée destined for him by Ly's parents. So well does the famous courtesan play her part that Yeen falls desperately in love with her, and refuses, when the deception is exposed, to have anything to say to Ly, who is thus left free to marry the man of her choice. Ethel Barrymore will play the part of Si-Si.

LILLIAN KINGSBURY
As the Queen in Hamlet

Yvette Guilbert recently made some scathing remarks about the stupidity of the average theatrical entertainment in London, and drew from Beerbohm Tree this reply: "It must not be forgotten that the French are apt to confuse the obstetric with the artistic. Personally, I have little to complain of. I have found my most ambitious, and, as it seems to me, my most artistic productions generally the most financially successful. It would be idle, however, not to recognize that the class of the public which cares for the serious drama in this country is small in number compared with the public that cares nothing for dramatic art. The English are serious about religion, but rarely about art. They love to 'maffick' at the theatre. Consequently, musical comedies run for three years."

Raymond Hitchcock was admitted one night last week to a social secret society which employs a large spotted and strenuous goat of the masculine sex in its initiation exercises. The goat is not actually ridden by the novice, but is in the dressing room where he may be seen and reflected upon before the prospective member is blindfolded. In due course Mr. Hitchcock went through the ceremony of admission successfully, and afterward partook of supper with his new friends. Later, he returned to the dressing room and instituted a search for his brand new $50 Panama hat. For some time his pursuit was unavailing, but finally the comedian's eye fell upon the lodge's official goat. "Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed the actor. "Look at Billy! He's eaten my Panama!"

Hard times have resulted in a rush of some of the stars to the vaudeville houses, where big salaries are offered for big names. Jessie Millward, Charles Hawtrey and W. H. Thompson have been appearing in the Proctor theatres, and their example is soon to be followed by Annie Irish and other prominent players. Blanch Ring, Robert Loraine, and Edna Wallace Hopper long ago joined the Vaudevillians.

EMELIE MELVILLE
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Confessions of a Stage-Struck Girl

(*Continued from page 184.*)

Tucker said. Mr. Tucker played opposite to me. We rehearsed hours every day; then there were the costumers and the bootmakers, and time just flew until we were ready to open.

Mr. Canfeld was present at the last rehearsals and one day he called me aside. I was afraid he was going to reprove me for something which I might inadvertently have done.

"Do you need any money?" he asked.

I was awfully embarrassed.

"Oh, you needn't feel bashful!" he said. "It is quite usual for a manager to advance his people money. Mr. Norman thought you might require some, and would be too inexperienced to ask for it."

"It's—it's—very good of you," I stammered, "but I think I'll have enough.

"Well, if you need anything, just speak to Norman."

But, thanks to Mrs. Siegrist, I did not have to ask. We opened in Bridgeport. Everybody was as nervous as I was. The play went well with the audience. There were a lot of people, friends of Miss Debramway's, from New York. There were telegrams, curtain calls and flowers.

Mr. Canfeld and Mr. Norman kept dashing back to buoy up Miss Debramway's spirits. Up to the very last rehearsal she had been happy and confident, but now she was suffering so from nervousness. She had suddenly slumped, and, although outwardly calm, she was sure the play was weak, that she was playing wretchedly and her "make-up" was patchy. Even with all his various duties, Mr. Norman found time to come and shake hands with me just before my scene and wish me luck.

"You are the prettiest little Quakeress Bridgeport has ever seen!" he said.

After the performance we all crowded into Miss Debramway's room. We all talked at once. Everybody congratulated everybody else. We asked how this scene had gone, and what about the other scene? How So-and-So's make-up was, etc. Miss Debramway stretched out her hand to me, and said:

"Our little Quakeress made quite a hit."

Mr. Peabody, who had been everywhere at once, and was now leaning against a wall looking completely exhausted, nodded to me. Bobby Tucker chimed in:

"She's a little peach to work with, all right."

Mr. Canfeld drove us out at last, saying Miss Debramway must rest. The star later divided her flowers with the company.

We went on to Hartford next day, and rehearsed as soon as we got in. Mr. Peabody made a lot of changes, cut out whole scenes, transposed others, and, to my joy, wrote in another scene for us in the last act. The play proved successful enough, after all, to warrant booking more time, and we remained out about thirty weeks. We did not play many of the big cities, but did exceedingly well in the smaller places. After we had been out awhile Mr. Canfeld raised my salary five dollars a week. I felt very rich.

Miss Debramway was most kind to everybody, and the entire company took their tone from her. She hated to walk, but she never went driving without inviting one of the ladies of the company to accompany her. She volunteered to teach me French, and we spent many happy hours in this manner. Often these lessons took place on the train, and during one of the very first lessons, Miss Debramway was striving to give me the true French intonation for the word "Un." She said:

"It's almost like a grunt, quite at the back of your throat. Come, now, we'll do it together."

Just as we were ready, the train stopped unexpectedly, and Miss Debramway and I each grunted out "Un" at the top of our voices. Some of the company came running up to us, thinking the sudden jolting had put us in pain.

(*Continued on page vi.*)

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(*Continued from page v.*)

So Mr. Norman, Bobby and I went, and when we got there we found it was the wrong season. The falls were all dried up. They only have them in the spring-time. Bobby made more fun of me, and every chance he had begged me to take him to see some more falls. I collected souvenirs from each place, and Bobby said:

"If you don't stop loading your trunk with junk they'll charge you excess baggage."

I believed it at first and stopped collecting, until Mr. Norman asked why I had not shown him any of my treasures for some time. He told me never to pay any attention to anything Bobby said. Bobby and Mr. Norman usually just happened to be starting out when I was, so we got in the habit of taking walks together. One day, just before the close of the season, Mr. Norman had to make up his statement for the week, and could not go for a walk, so Bobby and I started off alone. The conversation turned upon Mr. Heartwell, whom Bobby knew.

"Judy, were you in love with Herbert?"

"Goodness! What ever made you think of such a thing?"

"Well, Herbert's a heart-breaker, and most girls fall in love with somebody their first season."

"Well, I didn't," I answered.

"You're a callous girl, Judy. I suppose it hasn't dawned on you that I might have become a wreck on your account, if I hadn't thought it dishonorable.

"Why dishonorable?" I laughed.

"Because Norman did it first. Falling in love is a habit with me, but Norman isn't used to it, and it hurts."

"It isn't true," I said hotly. "You're only trying to string me, as you did about the excess baggage. You've no right to bring Mr. Norman's name into a joke about such a thing as that!" I was angry now.

"That just shows how heartless you are, not to know it! He has all symptoms."

"Be quiet!" I cried, bursting into tears.

My walk was spoiled and I hurried back to the hotel.

We all met at the supper table that night, and Bobby managed to make my life a burden by nodding his head and looking pityingly at Mr. Norman. Finally, with an awful calm, he said:

"Say, Norman, I've just been telling Judy that you think she's the only thing that ever happened, and she says it isn't true, but it is, isn't it?" and he grinned joyfully.

Poor Mr. Norman was livid, but he answered seriously:

"It's quite true, Julia, only—"

"Only—" gurgled Bobby, "this isn't the time when nor the place where."

I had always liked Bobby before, but I could joyfully have killed him then.

I left the table, and Mr. Norman followed me. He, too, was angry with Bobby, because he had not meant to tell me. He knew I did not think of him in that way.

I was glad we were to close. Bobby had just spoiled everything. I meant never to speak to him again, but I could not stay angry with him. He was so irresponsible and funny.

The prospect of another summer of agents and managers was anything but a pleasant outlook.

On Saturday night, when Mr. Norman paid salaries, he said:

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We had had such a nice season, we hated to say "Good-bye." Miss Debramway gave us a farewell supper, and we all promised to be down at the steamer to say "Bon voyage!" On the trip back to New York she said if she ever took a theatre abroad she would send for me. I hoped she would, but in the meantime I was wild to know what Mr. Canfeld wanted. Mr. Norman would not tell, only smiled and said:

"Wait until Wednesday!"

(*To be continued.*)

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said a theatrical manager; "there is no danger whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas has gone out."

Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the play."

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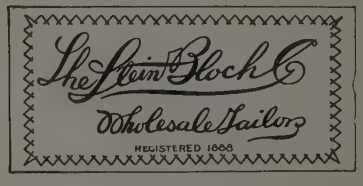

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The following is a list of the plays produced in New York City during the past theatrical season. It is tabulated up to June 1, and the plays are placed according to the length of the Metropolitan run:

PLAY	THEATRE	PRODUCED	TIMES
County Chairman	Wallack's	Nov. 24...	222
Girl from Kay's	Herald Square	Nov. 2....	205
Babes in Toyland	Majestic	Oct. 13...	19-
Sweet Kitty Bellairs	Belasco	Dec. 9....	18-
Raffles	Princess	Oct. 27...119	168
Raffles	Savoy	Feb. 15... 49	
The Other Girl	Criterion	Dec. 29... 31	160
The Other Girl	Empire	Jan. 25...114	
The Other Girl	Lyceum	May 2.... 15	
Whoop-dee-Doo	Weber & Fields	Sept. 24...	151
Merely Mary Ann	Garden	Dec. 28... 51	148
Merely Mary Ann	Criterion	Feb. 15... 57	
Merely Mary Ann	Garrick	April 4... 40	
The Admirable Crichton	Lyceum	Nov. 17..	144
The Virginian	Manhattan	Jan. 5....	138
Candida	Princess	Dec. 9....	138
Candida	Madison Square	———	133
Candida	Vaudeville and Carnegie	———	
Three Little Maids	Daly's	Sept. 1.. 86	130
Three Little Maids	Garden	Nov. 16... 44	
Secret of Polichinelle	Madison Sq.	Jan. 19... 19	
Secret of Polichinelle	Garden	Feb. 15... 73	124
Secret of Polichinelle	Princess	April 18.. 32	
Her Own Way	Garrick	Sept. 28.. 57	
Her Own Way	New Amsterdam	Nov. 16... 17	107
Her Own Way	Savoy	Nov. 30... 33	
Mother Goose	New Amsterdam	Dec. 2....	105
The Yankee Consul	Broadway	Feb. 22...	115
Under Cover	Murray Hill	Sept. 14..	90
Ben Hur	New York	Sept. 21..	90
Peggy from Paris	Wallack's	Sept. 10..	85
The Tenderfoot	New York	Feb. 22...	81
The Pit	Lyric	Feb. 19...	77
Punch, Judge & Co.	Hammerstein's Garden	June 1....	72
Man from Blankley's	Criterion	Sept. 16..	79
The Office Boy	Victoria	Nov. 2....	66
Arrah-Na-Pogue	Fourteenth Street	Sept. 7...	65
The Sacrament of Judas	Princess	Dec. 15...	65
The Best of Friends	Academy	Oct. 20...	65
Ulysses	Garden	Sept. 14..	65
Rogers Brothers	Knickerbocker	Sept. 7...	64
Ranson's Folly	Hudson	Jan. 18...	61
Captain Dieppe	Herald Square	Sept. 14.. 28	60
Captain Dieppe	Empire	Oct. 13... 32	
Red Feather	Lyric	Nov. 9....	59
Babette	Broadway	Nov. 16...	50
The Pretty Sister of Jose	Empire	Nov. 10...	58
Piff! Paff! Pouf!	Casino	April 2...	67
The Two Orphans	New Amsterdam	March 28.	56
Winsome Winnie	Casino	Dec. 1....	56
Terence	New York	Jan. 5....	56
The Dictator	Criterion	April 4...	66
Sargeant Kitty	Daly's	Jan. 18... 32	55
Sargeant Kitty	Casino	Feb. 22... 23	
Captain Barrington	Manhattan	Nov. 23...	51
The Marriage of Kitty	Hudson	Nov. 30...	51
The Medal and the Maid	Broadway	Jan. 11...	49
Vivian's Papas	Garrick	Aug. 17...	40
Japanese Nightingale	Daly's	Nov. 19...	46
Cousin Kate	Hudson	Oct. 18...	44
Mlle. Napoleon	Knickerbocker	Dec. 8....	43
Facing the Music	Garrick	May 21...	43
My Wife's Husbands	Madison Sq.	Aug. 24..	41
The Spenders	Savoy	Oct. 5....	41
Tit for Tat	Savoy	April 25..	41
Princess of Kensington	Broadway	Aug. 31...	41
An English Daisy	Casino	Jan. 18...	41
Drink	Academy	Sept. 14..	40
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall	New York	Jan. 4-14	40
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall	Lyric	Dec. 14-26	
Whitewashing Julia	Garrick	Dec. 2....	30
Personal	Bijou	Sept. 3...	38
The Younger Mrs. Parling	Garrick	Jan. 25...	36
The Blond in Black	Knickerbocker	June 8...	35
The Man from China	Majestic	May 2....	34
Glad of It	Savoy	Dec. 28...	33
Marta of the Lowlands	Manhattan	Oct. 13-23	32
Marta of the Lowlands	West End	Nov. 2-9..	
The Fisher Maiden	Victoria	Oct. 5....	
A Venetian Romance	Knickerbocker	May 2....	31
A Clean Slate	Lyceum	Nov. 3...	31
Darling of the Gods	Crystal Gar.	June 22...	30
The Dress Parade	Crystal Garden	June 22...	30
Light that Failed	Knickerbocker	Nov. 9...	29
Saucy Sally	Lyceum	April 4...	28
Mrs. Deering's Divorce	Savoy	Sept. 7...	28
The Shepherd King	Knickerbocker	April 5...	27
A Girl From Dixie	Madison Square	Dec. 14...	26
The Crown Prince	West End	Feb. 8.... 8	25
The Crown Prince	Daly's	April 30.. 17	
Man Proposes	Hudson	March 11.	24
Hearts Courageous	Broadway	Oct. 5....	24
Little Mary	Empire	Jan. 5....	24
Harriet's Honeymoon	Garrick	Jan. 4....	24
The Jersey Lily	Victoria	Sept. 14..	24
The Ruling Power	Garrick	March 14.	23
That Man and I	Savoy	Jan. 25...	23
Light that Lies in a Woman's Eyes	Criterion	Jan. 25...	23
Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner	Criterion	Nov. 23...	22
Glittering Gloria	Daly's	Feb. 15...	22
John Ermine of the Yellowstone	Manhattan	Nov. 2...	22
John Henry	Herald Square	May 25...	21
The Proud Prince	Herald Square	Oct. 12...	21
Olympe	Knickerbocker	Jan. 18...	21
Ivan the Terrible	New Amsterdam	March 1..	17

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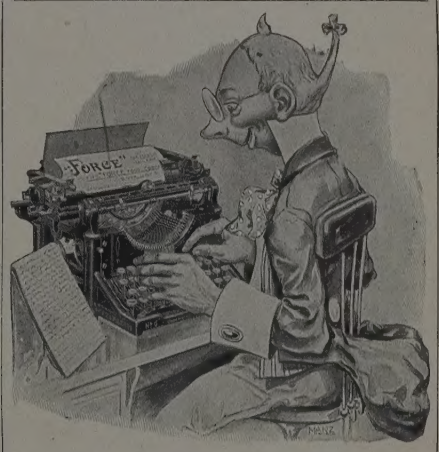

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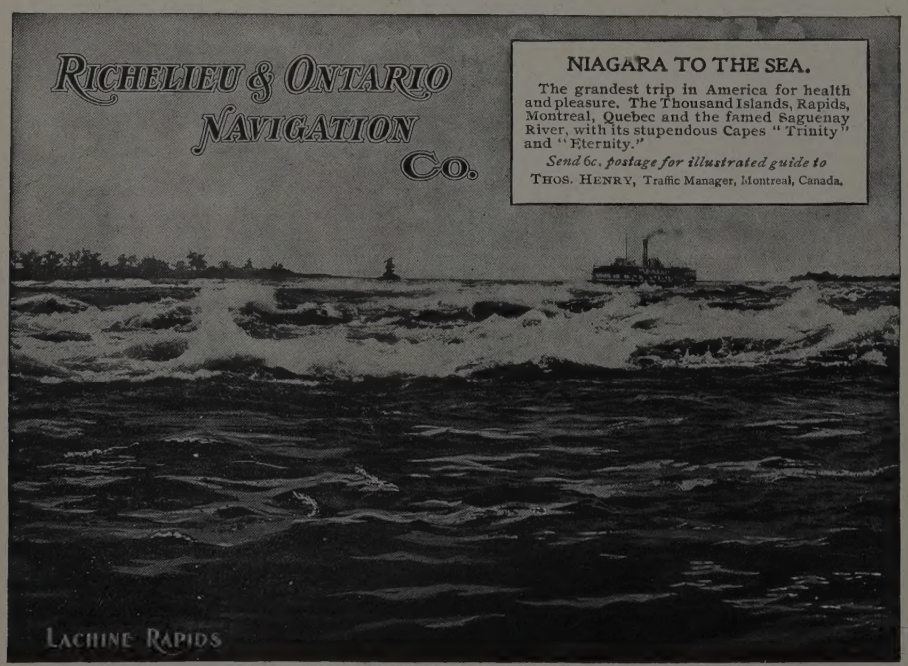

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Lady Rose's Daughter	Garrick	Nov. 16	17
What's the Matter with Susan?	Bijou	Dec. 1	15
My Lady Molly	Daly's	Jan. 12	15
Dante	Broadway	Oct. 26	14
Knickerbocker Girl	Herald Square	June 15	14
Major Andre	Savoy	Nov. 11	12
Are You my Father?	Bijou	Oct. 8	11
Rosmersholm	Princess	March 28	8
An African Millionaire	Princess	April 4	8
The Superstition of Sue	Savoy	April 4	8
Hedda Gabler	Manhattan	Oct. 5	7
The Triumph of Love	Criterion	Feb. 8	1
Gypsy	Garrick	April 7	1
My Milliner's Bill	Garrick	April 7	1
Marietta	Garrick	April 7	1
The Hour Glass	Garrick	April 7	1
The Joy of Living	Irving Place	Oct. 1	1
Haberkorn	Irving Place	Oct. 2	1
A Stage-struck Village	Irving Place	Oct. 13	1
Our Friends the Enemy	Irving Pl.	Nov. 2	1
In Uniform	Irving Place	Nov. 11	1
The Stream	Irving Place	Dec. 8	1
The Lemke Family	Irving Place	Dec. 10	1
Monna Vanna	Irving Place	Dec. 17	1
Liscelott	Irving Place	Jan. 12	1
The Detective	Irving Place	Feb. 2	1
Resemann's Rheinfahrt	Irving Pl.	Feb. 23	1
The Dark Gateway	Irving Place	March 7	1
The Tatoo	Irving Place	March 23	1
Yvette	Knickerbocker	May 12	1
Love's Pilgrimage	Wallack's	April 4	1
Gros Chagrin	Vaudeville	Oct. 21	1
La Main	Vaudeville	Oct. 21	1
Souper D'Adieu	Vaudeville	Oct. 21	1
L'Homme aux Poupees	Vaudeville	Oct. 21	1
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Je Ne Sais Quoi	Vaudeville	Dec. 9	1

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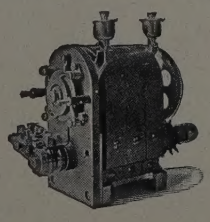

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